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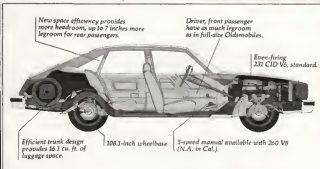
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Cutlass Salon Sedan	\$4861*	231 CID 6 cyl., automatic*	27-19-22	38.7	42.8	56.5	37.7	38.0	57.1	16.1
Datsun 510 Sedan	\$5138*	119 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-25-27	37.4	40.7	51.2	36.4	30.7	51.7	8.3
Toyota Corona Sedan	\$5179*	134 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	23-19-21	38.0	39.3	51.5	36.8	31.6	51.2	10.1

Manufacturers' suggested retail prices for models shown equipped with automatic transmission, including dealer prep. Level of std. equipment will vary by car line. Cal. MSRP are: Salon, \$4936; Datsun, \$5219; Toyota, \$5264. Taxes, license, destination charges and other available equipment additional. Salons are equipped with GM-built engines from various divisions. See your dealer for details.

†Source: 1978 EPA data. Mileage figures are from the EPA Federal Buyer's Guide and are estimates: your mileage will vary with how and where you drive, your car's condition and equipment. Cal. EPA highway-city-combined estimates are: Salon, 23-16-18; Datsun, 28-23-25; Toyota, 23-19-20.

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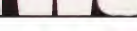
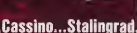
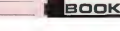
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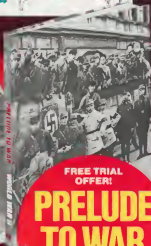
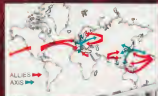
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BOOKTALK

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

THE MARTIAL ARTS OF THE ORIENT ARE UNVEILED IN A FAT NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA

The *kukri* is a curved knife, considered by one authority to be the best slashing knife in the world, and used most expertly by Nepalese soldiers known as Gurkhas. "A famous and often repeated story tells of a Gurkha who sliced an enemy's neck. The enemy laughed and said, 'You missed.' The Gurkha also laughed, and said, 'Wait till you try to turn your head!'"

By the time you reach this entry on the *kukri* in *The Martial Arts Encyclopedia* (In-scape, \$19.50), you may begin to feel that all those dirty tricks attributed to the legendary Jack the Ripper were, by comparison, mere undergraduate pranks.

The encyclopedia is a large and handsome volume, splendidly illustrated with photographs and drawings, and earnestly researched. The student of martial arts may never again wonder who practices *kraby kraw* (Thai fencing) or *mukkyu bari* (Indian boxing) or *yabusame* (Japanese archery from horseback), only three of more than 1,000 entries describing the varieties of sport still practiced in the East, along with hundreds of weapons we all hope our unimaginative muggers never discover.

Publisher-editor Roger Glenn Brown, who holds a Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley, was once a specialist in Asian affairs for the CIA. As such, he has perhaps a special fondness for ancient Japan's practice of *ninjutsu*—the art of invisibility. "The *ninja*," says the encyclopedia, were superior athletes trained for espionage. They excelled in concealment, disguise and escape, and some of the greatest *ninja* were women." Naturally, karate, judo, aikido and kung fu, the most popular of the martial arts exported to the West, get elaborate treatment.

There is a fine bibliography, enabling students in search of elaboration to find material specializing in the martial arts, plus a listing of colleges, schools, summer camps, and short-term programs for intensive training. Susan Murdoch, who runs the Women's Martial Arts Center in New York, has contributed an article justifiably feminist in tone (women were often relegated to the children's section in competition) and she lists schools with a nice geographical spread.

The encyclopedia also contains a trove of fascinating anecdotes. My favorite concerns Musashi Miyamoto (hero of the classic film *Samurai*) who, to demonstrate control, once caught several flies in midair with chopsticks. Try that the next time you visit a Japanese restaurant.

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

ENDANGERED SPECIES

The Supreme Court decided last week to bar completion of the Tellico Dam on the Little Tennessee River because it would wipe out a species of fish known as the snail darter. Considering the uproar that followed about amending the Endangered Species Act, it might be well to listen to Michael Bean, an attorney for the Environmental Defense Fund, who wrote an amicus brief in the case for a number of conservation organizations.

Bean, author of the only comprehensive study ever done on federal wildlife legislation, says, "Experience to date suggests that the Endangered Species Act has functioned well. Only the Tellico Dam has been thwarted, but the full range of issues in this case has not been made clear to the public. The TVA introduced the idea of the dam more than 10 years ago and planned to have a company build an industrial town on the banks of the reservoir that would be created. One company, Boeing, was interested, but then backed out because the project was not economically feasible. The principal reason for the dam evaporated, so the TVA came up with other reasons to justify the dam, such as facilitating barge traffic and offering flut-water recreation. But there are 22 other dams within a 60-mile radius of the Tellico site, and, moreover, the Little Tennessee is well worth saving because it is one of the very last free-flowing and clean rivers in the region.

"There is the question about benefits. The sole benefit that would be realized only by building the dam is \$3 million worth of energy production a year, but by not building the dam and flooding the valley, the region gets \$8 to \$24 million in agricultural benefits each year.

"Then there is the issue of endangered species. In the minds of many, this issue pits the interest of human welfare against that of obscure creatures. If that were true, we could decide it quite easily by putting human welfare first. But that is

an erroneous characterization of the issue. It is one of balancing present quantifiable human benefits against those of the future. Examples are legion of species that do not seem of value to mankind but are. Penicillin from bread mold is one. The horseshoe crab, thought to be a pest by some, was found to have blood with unique properties that can detect certain toxins in intravenous fluids. Then there is the armadillo, which may serve as a source for a leprosy vaccine.

"The point of all this is that 'worthless' creatures are worthless only until such time as we discover a medical, scientific or other use for them, and if we are to allow their extinction when we can prevent it, we have lost for all time our ability to put them to productive use. One can find some irony in the fact that we are spending enormous amounts of money to discover evidence of life in outer space while at the same time some of us are content to watch countless numbers of species, about which we know nothing, disappear from the face of the earth."

STYMIED

The 1978 British Open could be the last important tournament held at St. Andrews, the spiritual home of golf. A local planning committee, the North East Fife District Council, has given a developer, British Transport, provisional permission to build a car park, swimming pool, two squash courts and about 45 chalet-style houses on the grounds of the Old Course Hotel. The property is next to the dog-legged 17th hole, which Arnold Palmer once picked as his favorite 17th. Trouble is, the land was zoned for commercial use some years back when the hotel was built, and the planning committee maintains that "if land is designated for commercial use, there are no grounds for refusal of planning permission."

Keith MacKenzie, secretary of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, says, "The development will have a ruinous effect on the 17th hole. Players on the 17th tee

will have to contend with the noise from car engines and shouts from the pool. The hotel itself is already a horrible eyesore. To put 45 chalets surrounding it is to add insult to injury. I can see the bucket and spade brigade using the 17th fairway as a shortcut to the beach. With golf balls flying everywhere, there is danger of serious injury."

Despite the planning committee's announcement that "notices would be erected to dissuade the public from crossing the course," the Royal and Ancient has appealed to higher authority, the Secretary of State for Scotland, to have the development stopped. Thus far the response has not been satisfactory. The Secretary of State's office says it could intervene only if the issue were of national or international significance. Which prompted MacKenzie to retort, "If golf at St. Andrews is not national and international, then what is?"

OUT TO LAUNCH

After Dallas, Indianapolis is the largest city in the U.S. not on a navigable body of water, but that has not deterred Win-



ston Knauss, 36, a professional wrecker—who boasts that he is the only spectator ever to serve time in a hockey penalty box after he got into a brawl on the ice—from building a 54-foot yacht in his backyard, bordering the diminutive White River. Knauss, who likes to say "I do anything different," began assembling the boat last fall after a dealer told him it would take a year and a half to get delivery on one he liked.

The first items Knauss bought were
continued



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18 portholes. He then hung a guy wire and a plastic sheet over his backyard construction site and went to work with a five-man crew. The boat, basically of fiber glass, is named *Wrecking Crew* and is furnished with artifacts Knauss has salvaged from his jobs. A shower and a steam bath come from the office of the board chairman of Inland Container in the old Inland Container Building. The walnut paneling and doorknobs come from Inland Container and the eighth floor of the demolished Farm Bureau Building, while the furnace, which will provide central heating, comes from a building that burned down and Knauss finished off. A 4½" pipe that serves as the core of a spiral staircase comes from a building he flattened at Methodist Hospital, and an old slot machine from the wrecked governor's mansion will go on board when the boat is finished.

Built to sleep 12, *Wrecking Crew* will be powered by twin 150-hp turbocharged diesels. There is a swimming platform at the stern, and beneath the stern, to surprise surfacing swimmers, are four Play-boy centerfolds under glass. The top of the main cabin has been decked over to the stern to provide a 30x14-foot landing platform for Knauss' helicopter, which he landed at his former home in a fashionable suburb until neighbors got an injunction to stop him.

Knauss plans to take *Wrecking Crew* to Florida, where he has another home in Fort Lauderdale, via the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. He expects to get past a low bridge on the interstate leading to the Ohio by trailering around it on a back-country road. But before he embarks from Indianapolis, he is going to launch *Wrecking Crew* in the White River with the help of two cranes. That should be in a couple of weeks. Why the White River, which barely offers more turning room than a tub? "If she happens to sink, the water is only eight feet deep and I won't lose her," Knauss says. "If I launched her down in Florida in deep water, I might never find her again."

His neighbors should be so lucky.

CLOSE TO MICKEY MOUSE

Between now and Aug. 1 the Los Angeles Rams are almost certain to announce they will become the California Rams and move from Memorial Coliseum to Anaheim Stadium in 1980. Meanwhile, Anaheim Stadium will be

enlarged to seat 74,000. Stands will surround the entire field, with the right-field baseball stands made movable to provide better seats for football. In addition to the expansion, a development package will include a hotel/office complex, condominiums, a shopping center, a theater and perhaps practice facilities for the Rams. The concept includes linking Anaheim Stadium with Disneyland by monorail so fans can make a game a family weekend gala.

Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom has agents looking for a beachfront home in Newport Beach, not far from Anaheim, while George Allen has been looking for a house in Orange County. But every time George comes back to his Palos Verdes estate, with its view of the Pacific on one side and the twinkling lights of Los Angeles on the other, he sighs and vows to commute.

L.A. Mayor Bradley wants the Rams to stay, but a source close to the team says, "The Rams are in Anaheim."

HIGH FLYER

When Azby Chouteau, an amateur pilot from Westport, Conn., saw the Rockwell International ad for a sweepstakes promoting the brand new Rockwell Commander 114 Medalist Series aircraft, with one of the \$73,600 planes as the prize, he swiftly calculated that he had more than an even chance. Chouteau designed sweepstakes contests for Coca-Cola and Quaker Oats among other companies, and he noted that the Rockwell ad was getting limited circulation by appearing only in flying magazines. Moreover, contestants had to be licensed pilots in the U.S. and Canada, and this would cut down on the number of entries. In addition, a reader had to write in for an entry blank or obtain one from his Rockwell dealer and then mail it back, and Chouteau says, "When you have two steps like this, people tend to drop out because of innate sloth."

Chouteau wrote in for an entry blank and had a printer make thousands of copies, all of which were filled in and returned. A local lawyer made sure this was legal and, in turn, retained a lawyer in Blair, Neb., where the drawing was to be held, to represent Chouteau.

Rockwell held the drawing a fortnight ago, and Chouteau won the plane. He had Rockwell ship it to him, and it is now for sale at list price. After expenses and taxes, Chouteau will pocket at least

a \$35,000 profit. He refuses to say precisely how many of the 165,000 entries Rockwell received were his, but he does admit, "Most of them were mine." As Chouteau puts it, "It was a lot better than going to the track."

CHECKMATE

Like characters out of a Nabokov novel, top U.S. chess players have a knack for doing themselves in by making the trivial disastrous. First there was Bobby Fischer, who in 1975 forfeited his world championship to Anatoly Karpov of the Soviet Union because of an argument with the International Chess Federation about the rules of their proposed match. This year Fischer seized on the same issue to pass up the chance to challenge Karpov. Now comes Walter Browne, the grand master from Berkeley and the best active player in the country.

Browne, who has been the U.S. titlist since 1974, was to play in the U.S. Championship, which began last week in Pasadena. Maybe the site—Ambassador College, Fischer's hangout—had something to do with it, but Browne, already upset because the tournament conflicted with a tour he had planned, began to find fault with the playing hall. The lighting was intolerable; among other things, it was not fluorescent. Then, when the tournament director wouldn't let him move his table exactly where he wanted to (it blocked the aisle, the official said), Browne stalked out, forfeiting his first-round match.

That night, a committee of three players made a conciliatory ruling Browne could have his table where he wanted it, but the forfeit would have to stand. Browne balked, complaining that this was too much of a handicap. The committee pointed out that Fischer had forfeited his first game to Boris Spassky in 1972 but still came back to win. No way, said Browne.

By departing from the championship, which leads into interzonal matches, Browne gave up any chance to play in the next world championships in 1981, for which he was this country's principal hope.

THEY SAID IT

● Jackie Moore, Toronto Blue Jay coach, on being told John Kenneth Galbraith was on the same airline flight: "Oh yeah, I remember him. Short guy, mustache, played third base for Pittsburgh." **END**

THE BOGEY THAT WON THE OPEN

Andy North knew he didn't need par on the awesome 18th. One over would suffice—and two high-pressure shots got it for him by **DAN JENKINS**

The U.S. Open golf championship won a young fellow named Andy North last week. It won him the way so many Opens have won other strangers, by throwing him into a daze and then letting him stagger home amid the immense pressures that accompany a final round, especially the last few holes when a guy is out there alone fighting himself and the elements and all of the uproar that goes with a major title. In the case of this Open, there is perhaps no tougher stretch of golf than the last five holes of the Cherry Hills course on the outskirts of Denver. And there is certainly no 18th hole as demanding as the one Andy North had to conquer in the earlier rounds and then survive at the very end.

For certain, North's victory brought to mind the old saying: nobody wants the Open, it wins you. The way it happened to North is that on the last day he played four-over-par golf on those last five holes, from the 14th in, which at Cherry Hills have a different character from the rest of the layout. The holes require laying up, letting out, *thinking*, with a long par

4, a medium par 3, a short par 4, a risky par 5, and then the swooping par-4 18th that combines such length and danger it should have been the place where all of those movie companies went looking for King Kong.

After four full days of splendid excitement and utter bewilderment, what 28-year-old Andy North needed on the 18th was to make a bogey 5 to outlast Dave Stockton and J. C. Snead and avoid the Open's first three-way playoff since 1963. From the 14th hole North had been frittering away a lead he had gained with his putting stroke. For those uninitiated to Open drama, North's four-stroke lead over Stockton with five holes to play may have seemed insurmountable. So may it have seemed to those who thought the Cherry Hills finishing stretch was nothing but numbers with a little water here and there.

But that was just where North confronted the golf course, the real golf course. When he bogeyed the 14th, no undue harm was done, because Stockton bogeyed it as well. But for the first

time, North appeared to have lost his composure. After Stockton had birdied 15, North double bogeyed it by leaving a sand shot in the bunker, and you had to know he might fly apart in every direction.

Over and over, throughout the tournament, North had rescued himself with his putter and a putting style—hunched over, hands creeping down the shaft—that would dismay any instruction-book illustrator. North one-putted the first four greens of Sunday's final round, for example, and it immediately became clear that this Open was going to be his for the winning or losing.

North gathered himself together to save par at the 16th and he played to a steady par at 17. Stockton was one stroke back. Snead two. But finally he had to face the monstrous 18th, the hole that had thoroughly dominated the championship. It is a golf hole with absolutely

continued

After an eternity of studying his bogey putt and backing away from it twice, North rolled it in.



no room off the tee. Anything left goes into a lake. Anything right goes out of bounds or into the rough. Essentially, you are aiming at a 15-yard-wide landing area whether you are hitting a driver or a two-iron. Next comes a long second shot up a hill and over a couple of yawning bunkers and onto a firm green where three-putting was commonplace and birdies were almost as rare as an Andy North victory on the regular tour.

However, North had been winning last week's Open on the 18th hole even before Sunday. Somehow, he birdied it twice. In the 432 times the hole was played there were only 11 birdies. The hole played so much over par on every single round, people could only joke about it. Tom Wenskopf, who incredibly wound up being a contender with a last-round 68 after coming within one shot of missing the 36-hole cut, might have made the best joke. When he was asked how he would play the 18th if he needed a life-or-death par 4, he said, "I'd make a 6."

Now about North's historic bogey. He drove into the upper rough at the 18th, which meant he couldn't possibly reach the green in two. But at least he didn't flir with the lake on his left and have to call on the gods to slap his ball across the water as Snead's tee shot had a few minutes earlier. From the rough, the best North could do was dig the ball and get it up the hill behind the bunker to the left of the green and directly between himself and the pin. By this time, of course, he knew that J.C. had missed his putt for a birdie and that Stockton had missed his putt for a par. In other words, North knew a bogey 5 was golden.

What he then did, naturally, was pitch daintily into the bunker. From there, he could make almost anything, having already demonstrated back on the 15th that he could leave it in the sand, this being the Open. One had to remember what Lee Trevino had said about the 18th hole: "A man could be standing on the 18th tee with a two-shot lead on Sunday and finish fourth."

North hit a splendid bunker shot in full view of the day's 25,000 spectators and a television audience that had seen as many promos as it had seen crucial golf shots. Now, at last, North faced a four-foot putt to win the Open. And if it

wasn't suspenseful enough at this point, North added to the moment by twice stepping away from the putt as if he fully expected it to turn into a demon before his very eyes.

He got over the ball, paused and backed away. He got over the ball again, paused and backed away. But the third time he crouched over the putt—and just when most everybody knew he would surely blow it—Andy North rammed the ball into the cup.

It might have been the 30th or 40th four-footer he made in this Open. No matter. It was definitely the longest putt the last player in the field ever made on the last hole to win an Open.

Later, North said, "Making a four-foot putt to win the Open is something you usually only pretend to do in practice rounds."

Who is Andy North? Well, he's a tall, friendly, likable chap who won only one tournament as a professional before last week. That was last summer's Westchester Classic. He is a long hiter like so many other young men on the tour, another of those fellows who learned his trade in the college ranks at the University of Florida. It may have added to his relative obscurity that Florida's two NCAA golf championships came the year before Andy got there and the year after he left. Of late, he had mainly been known as a close friend of Tom Watson. In the locker room, Watson and the others call him "Drew."

The record will show that North's concluding 74 was the most mediocre finishing round for a winner since Cary Middlecoff's 75 back in 1949, but all along the players had guessed that Cherry Hills' tangled bluegrass rough, and the rugged homeward stretch—and the devilish 18th—would produce a winning total of even par, or near there. North's 285 was one over. In further testimony to Cherry Hills' confounding problems was the fact that both Stockton and Snead had made a good run at the title by producing nothing more blazing on Sunday than one-over 72s. Stockton will dwell for a certain amount of time, no doubt, on the curious statistic that he played the 18th in four over for the tournament, and lost by one.

As for Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus, they may be thinking of opportunities lost in the final round. Player started Sunday

only one stroke back of North, and paired with him. He was, as his friend and manager Mark McCormack described him, "in a deep spiritual mood" to win the Open and carry the title along with the Masters toward a possible Grand Slam. Gary shot a stunning 77, however, largely because of some atrocious putting. He wound up in a sad way tie for sixth place with Nicklaus, Bill Kratzert, Andy Bean, Johnny Miller, who had two gorgeous rounds of 68 and 69, and Watson, who kept last week from being an embarrassment by plodding back with a couple of 70s after a terribly indifferent beginning.

Nicklaus was another weird story. He was very much a part of the tournament all the way until a pair of double bogeys did him in on Sunday. On Saturday he had a triple bogey 7 on 13. He did it with his own little wedge from the heart of the fairway. He first hit a fat wedge into a creek, then he hit a strong wedge over the green and into a bunker, and the only thing humorous about any of it was that Jack had paused after his tee shot to visit a portable john. Make up your own jokes.

If not always a laugh a minute, each day of the Open was fascinating and filled to the brim of the bag with weird events. There were aces and whiffs, eagles and triple bogeys, shots soaring into the water, shots disappearing into the bluegrass, greens firmed up to make wedges bounce all the way to Cheyenne, footnotes to history and outside agencies distracting competitors to the point of compelling them to curse and scream.

Thursday's opening 18 had barely started, for example, when a fellow named Bob Impaglia became a part of golfing lore. At around 10:15 that morning Impaglia (page 19) was given a two-stroke penalty for slow play—the first such penalty ever in the U.S. Open.

Also on Thursday, a few thousand people decided to go out to the 1st tee and watch Arnold Palmer drive the green, as he had in 1960 when he came from all of those strokes behind to win the Open with a 65 in the last round. Except it was a different 1st tee this time, one which had been constructed to make the par-4 play much longer and more of a dogleg.

Many of the players, press and fans felt they had been robbed of tradition, history—whatever. How dare the hole be

changed in order to make Cherry Hills more "competitive" for today's shotmakers? Well, maybe it should be. As USGA President Frank D. (Sandy) Tatum Jr. said: "It doesn't bother me that Arnold Palmer will be the only man who ever drove the 1st green at Cherry Hills."

The fact is, the USGA had made the proper decision in fixing up the course, including the 1st hole. These older courses ought to continue being used as Open venues, and the only way for that to be done is to modernize them. Otherwise, the Open would sink into a rotation of Bellerives, Hazeltines and Atlanta Athletic Clubs.

Anyhow, the USGA could point out that at least some history was made on Thursday. Arnold Palmer hit his opening tee shot all the way over the old 1st tee.

Thursday was a day that saw words and phrases coined. This being the old home ground of Hale Irwin, who was the leader with a 69, there was talk of Irwinmania among the throng—and Hale Crush. He got whoops and roars on the course such as are normally reserved for the Jack Nicklauses. And he was very much a contender until the last few holes on Saturday.

There was another new word, Clamptett. As in Bob Clamptett. There is nearly always a Bob Clamptett on the scoreboard in the early rounds of an Open, but this one was slightly different. He was only 18 years old, an amateur, and no longer than the average five-iron. With his bush of curly blond hair, he looked like a teen-age Harpo Marx. But his one-under 70 stunned everyone. He hung in there with a 73 on Friday, but then came Saturday and Bob Clamptett was paired with Trevino, and he could no longer perform in privacy.

Bob Clamptett whiffed—yes, missed—two consecutive shots out of the gnarled bluegrass rough on the 1st hole and began fading from celebrity, but he would tough it out to become the youngest low amateur in an Open since Bobby Jones wore a sailor suit, finishing 30th with a 297.

Missing the golf ball completely became rather commonplace, as a matter of fact. There were many who slashed into the rough, heard a funny sound, then looked down and found the ball where it was to begin with. On the first day Jerry



Happy that their rounds were over, Snead and Stockton had to wait to see if North would falter

Pate went completely under the ball with a wedge. Jerry McGee did something even worse: He blew the shortest putt in the history of golf on the 7th green. He did it by missing the ball altogether when he reached over with his putter to tap it in from the lip of the cup.

On Friday, when North took the lead with his second straight 70—mostly because of the catastrophes that were befalling others—two incidents occurred that would haunt a couple of serious contenders the rest of the way. That they happened to Andy Bean and J. C. Snead,

who are two of the game's rural comedians, said something or other about Open nerves as well as the nature of the game itself.

Bean made six birdies on Friday and he shot a one-over 72. But he claimed the thing that really did him in was a car radio. At the evil par-5 17th hole, that thing with a moat in front of the green, Bean was all set to nap a wedge into the pen for another birdie when tragedy struck.

Like this: busy Quincy Avenue runs along the 17th fairway and a lot of noise continued



Out of the sand came 18-year-old amateur Bob Clampett. He had two heady rounds but finished 30th

U.S. OPEN continued

comes from it. In the case of Bean's wedge shot, it was loud music from a passing car. Club back, club forward, music, contact, jerk, ball plopping into water.

"Whoever it was did it on purpose," said Bean.

No one got the name of the song on the car radio, but Bean said it wasn't Sleepy Lagoon.

What happened to Snead was even more bizarre. First of all, J.C. had made himself something of a celebrity on Thursday by refusing to come to the press tent for interviews after his opening 70, which had left him tied for second along with North and Clampett. J.C. Snead doesn't like press rooms, and he had not been near one on the tour for quite a while. J.C. thinks the people in press rooms don't like him, write about him as if he were dumb and make fun of his plantation hats.

So on Thursday afternoon a voice came over the loudspeaker in the tent saying, "J.C. Snead has finished with a one-under 70. He was invited to the press tent but he has declined."

At which point about 100 writers applauded.

But now it was Friday and J.C. was very much in the Open, and he lifted his boycott and granted all the interviews anyone wanted. He proved that he should hang around more often, for J.C. is wonderful "copy," as they say.

He revealed how his caddy had cost him a stroke, maybe two, on the same 17th hole where Bean heard the sound of music.

Snead had been wearing out his one-iron off the tees and doing a splendid job of avoiding the brutal rough. But after he had addressed his one-iron on the 17th tee, and just as he took it back, he heard a shout.

Of all things, it was the voice of his own caddy, trying to be helpful. With J.C. already into his windup and unable to stop, the caddy hollered, "Wind's blowing left to right."

J.C., of course, pulled his tee shot wildly into the left rough, and was forced to hack it out with an eight-iron, which still left him an eight-iron away from the dangerous green to which he should normal-

ly have been hitting a pitching wedge and contemplating a birdie.

Worse still, J.C. no longer knew how far he could hit his eight-iron in the thin mountain air. On the 16th hole, just a few moments before, he had hit an eight-iron that never came down. It flew roughly 200 yards, winding up over the green.

But the shot on the 17th did not go far enough to clear the water in front of the green. Splash! Bogey.

J.C. was asked if he said anything to his caddy that could be printed, or rather if he had done anything to his caddy's head that might make it blow left to right, after the tee shot that caused him all the trouble in the first place.

J.C. said he just thanked him for his help.

On Saturday it continued to be an Open of unusual sounds. Trevino could rightfully claim that another kind of noise was perhaps responsible for the horrible double bogey he suffered on the 1st hole of the third round, a blow from which he never recovered. It was a disaster that sent him reeling to a 75 at a time when he surely looked like a man to be reckoned with.

Just as he slammed into his tee shot on No. 1, however, someone—it was never determined who—shouted, "Fore!" The someone was hollering at a spectator strolling across the fairway far down the hill. Trevino lunged at the ball as if he had been stabbed, and the ball hit a tree. From where he wound up, the best he could do was keep gouging at it until he had made a six.

For all of the outside influences that had an effect on this Open, however, nothing tortured the golfers like the Cherry Hills course itself, especially that 18th hole.

It tortured Andy North enough on Sunday, but he was up to the challenge. He claimed that he backed off his putt because he was waiting for a lull in the wind. Maybe so, maybe not. It would be more romantic to think he was waiting for a lull in his throat, this being the Open.

Still, he left the world with the kind of remark befitting a champion.

Before knocking in the putt, Andy North said to himself, "Listen, sport, show 'em what you're made of."

He already had. Andy North was two parts putting stroke and one part Open fog.

A TICKET FOR SLOWING

Bob Impaglia was so involved in his struggle with the front nine in the first round at Cherry Hills—"grinding away," he called it—that he failed to notice the golf cart lurking nearby. In it were two tournament officials who had been tailing him for the past few holes. Impaglia, a 25-year-old pro, was only one over par for eight holes but his round had been filled with near disasters and remarkable escapes. His playing partners, Robb Pomerantz and Mark Walach, had not been so lucky and were well on their way to rounds of 87 and 82. Pomerantz had noticed the golf cart as early as the 4th hole and knew what it meant. "I think we ought to step it up a bit," he warned the others.

On the 5th hole Impaglia drove far right into heavy rough, where his view to the green was screened by a stand of pines. He examined his lie, then walked up the hill to the green to get his bearings. When he returned, he deliberated some more before hacking his ball out of the heavy grass onto the fairway. The entire process had taken three minutes and 42 seconds. Impaglia chipped onto the green and sank his putt for a gallant par. Another escape from disaster.

Or so it seemed. For when Impaglia made his way to the 10th tee, there waiting for him were the two gentlemen in the golf cart, P. J. Boatwright and the USGA and Jack Tuthill of the PGA Tour.

"Jack, how are you doing?" Impaglia said. "Bob, we need to talk with you," Tuthill answered.

"Oh, are we behind?" Impaglia asked.

The officials told the three players that they were 2½ holes behind the threesome ahead of them and that they had taken two hours and eight minutes to complete the front nine. Boatwright and Tuthill had been timing each player in the threesome with a stopwatch ever since a USGA official monitoring the 3rd hole had reported that the 8:07 a.m. group was falling behind. As a result of the clocking, they had determined that Impaglia was the culprit. So it was that Robert Charles Impaglia of Auburn, N.Y., a husky, outgoing man whose 1977 earnings were only \$455, became the first player in the 78-year history of the U.S. Open to be penalized two strokes for slow play.

The day before, at its traditional pre-tournament press conference, the USGA had warned that such a thing might happen. A bulletin was issued pointing out how much longer Open rounds were running in recent years than in the past, some were taking more than

five hours. "The five-hour round in the Open is deplorable," the bulletin stated. "What it does is set a terrible example for golfers of all ages and skills... We intend to monitor the pace of play... Penalties will be assessed without warning."

It had been an eventful month for Impaglia even before he arrived in Denver. He had qualified for the Open locally in Rochester, N.Y., sectionally in Arlington, Texas, and he had gone through the qualifying school in Albuquerque, regaining the player's card taken away last August because he had failed to earn enough money. But now he was confident he could make a living on the tour, as were the group of members at the Auburn Golf and Country Club who were sponsoring him. If Impaglia made the cut at the Open, and he was playing so well he was certain he would, he would continue on to Toronto and the Canadian Open. He was pleased with his practice rounds at Cherry Hills, especially one on Tuesday with Arnold Palmer, which he termed "an experience."

Impaglia's 36 on the front nine Thursday was better than that of many of golf's biggest names—Nicklaus, Watson, Green and Bal-

lestero, for instance. "He was really concentrating," said his Auburn friend and caddy, Bob Tessoro. Then came the penalty.

"Don't I get a warning?" he asked.

Boatwright and Tuthill said no.

"He was shaken, to say the least," Tessoro said.

On the 10th, Impaglia hit his drive well over 300 yards. "There was a little heat behind it," said Boatwright, who was sympathetic. Impaglia knocked the ball on the green and two-putted for a par. But the two-stroke assessment made the official score 6, a double bogey. After that everything fell apart. When he drove in the rough on 11, the ball spotter could not locate the ball and it seemed Impaglia would suffer another penalty. A spectator finally found the ball, but Impaglia was shaken. He bogeyed the hole and then began spraying shots all over Denver. When he finally holed a nifty 25-foot putt for a bogey at 18, he had shot a 47 on the back nine for a total of 83. Any chance of making the cut was gone.

For the next 24 hours Bob Impaglia received as much attention as the tournament leaders. The phone in his motel room never stopped ringing, and total strangers pestered him on the back at Cherry Hills and wished him well. Everyone had questions. No, he wasn't angry, he said. The last thing he wanted was trouble with the USGA or PGA. He was mildly puzzled that he had been judged the guilty member of his group when one of his playing partners had shot a 45, the other a 39. He pointed out that there had been a starter's time before his group teed off, a seven-minute gap that allowed the players in front to be approaching the 2nd green by the time he teed off.

When Impaglia, Pomerantz and Walach teed off at 12:36 p.m. on Friday, they all but trotted down the fairway and by the 4th hole they had opened a huge gap on the players behind them. On the 9th, Impaglia again drove into the right rough where he had been the day before, but this time he merely walked up and hit the ball. When it stayed in the rough, he hit it again. This time it went into a trap. He knocked the ball onto the green and took two puts. He carded a double-bogey 6, but at least he did it quickly.

When he again holed a long putt on 18, this time for an 84, the gallery gave him a warm ovation and Impaglia responded by tossing his ball to the crowd. He shook hands with everyone in sight—players, marshals, scorers. And even a couple of USGA officials, who seemed happy Friday's rounds were nearly half an hour faster than those of the day before. They had Bob Impaglia to thank for that.

—WALTER BINGHAM



Impaglia was given two strokes for pokiness

UNBEATEN, AND ALL BUT UNTOUCHABLE

The Yankees' Ron Gaudy has won a near-record 11 straight, and he's getting better. Last week he allowed no runs and struck out 29 batters by **LARRY KEITH**

Ron Gaudy's Louisiana Lightning struck twice in the same place last week. Unbeatable all season, the New York lefthander was virtually untouchable in Yankee Stadium, where he pitched a pair of shutouts that had the fans rising to their feet and prevented the world champions from falling on their faces. In the process, Gaudy broke a couple of strikeout records, moved closer to a bunch of consecutive victory marks, strengthened his No. 1 ranking among American League pitchers and not once swallowed his chaw of tobacco. The Cajun is raging.

Gaudy is a fast and efficient worker, always in rhythm, with no wasted motion. But it is the 44-caliber arm on his popgun body that makes him so deadly. On Monday night against Oakland he allowed three singles, walked two and struck out 11 in a 2-0 victory. Five nights later against California, he was even better: four hits, two walks and 18 whiffs in a 4-0 win. The 18 strikeouts surpassed by three Bub Shawkey's 59-year-old team record and were one more than Frank Tanana's league mark for a lefthander. They held one short of the major league record held by Steve Carlton, Tom Seaver and Nolan Ryan.

As Gaudy's strikeouts mounted, the 33,162 fans added to the excitement by booing ball calls and by tumultuously clapping, yelling and stomping every time Gaudy got two strikes on a batter. Because the Yankees had scored their four runs in the first three innings, the crowd sat passively through New York's other at bats, anxiously waiting for Gaudy to start throwing strikes again. When the game ended, the fans gave Gaudy a sustained ovation that prompted him to come out of the clubhouse for a curtain call.

Even more impressive than Gaudy's strikeouts is his win-loss record, which is 11-0 for the year and 21-1—including two victories in the playoffs and World Series—since Aug. 10, 1977. He is now

within one of the Yankee record of 12 consecutive victories to open a season and within four of the league record.

All of this is downright amazing, considering that two seasons ago Gaudy was a minor league relief pitcher who wanted to quit baseball and that in spring training last year he pitched so poorly he looked as if he should have. Nevertheless, Manager Billy Martin kept him on the 1977 roster and then reluctantly took him out of the bullpen and put him in the starting rotation when some established pitchers could not do the job. It was not long before Gaudy proved himself the most dependable man on the staff, with eight straight victories down the stretch as the Yankees climbed from third place to the East Division title. After being defeated in his last regular-season start of 1977, Gaudy came back with a three-hit victory over Kansas City in the playoffs and a four-hitter against Los Angeles in the Series. This season Gaudy has simply picked up where he left off, racking up six complete games in 14 starts, a league-leading 1.45 earned run average and an average of 8.4 strikeouts per nine innings.

The Yankees could not have won without Gaudy last year and, considering Boston's blurring pace—the 45-20 Red Sox led third-place New York by seven games at week's end—they would not be in the race without him this season. No other New York starter has an earned run average below 3.00, and only Ed Figueroa, 7-5, has a decent record. Meanwhile, millionaires Catfish Hunter, Don Gullett and Andy Messersmith have emerged from the training room just long enough to win three games in 12 appearances. It has been left to Gaudy to save the team's high-priced hide.

"He's our stud," says Reggie Jackson. "He's dominating the league now the way Denny McLain did for two years in the '60s, the way Catfish used to do, and the way Jim Palmer still can."

At 5' 11", 161 pounds, the 27-year-

old Gaudy does not look like a stud and, with his soft Louisiana patois, he does not sound like one. But appearances and accents are not very important when a pitcher throws a 95-mph fastball and a sharp-breaking slider—both of which usually end up going exactly where Gaudy wants them to. That usually means one corner of the plate or another, but in his 18-strikeout performance Gaudy worked ahead of the hitters with his fastball and then, on a number of occasions, struck them out with sliders that dipped out of the strike zone. The last time anything like that was seen was in Sandy Koufax' prime, when he would get ahead with his smother and then whiff over-anxious swingers with a sweeping curve in the dirt.

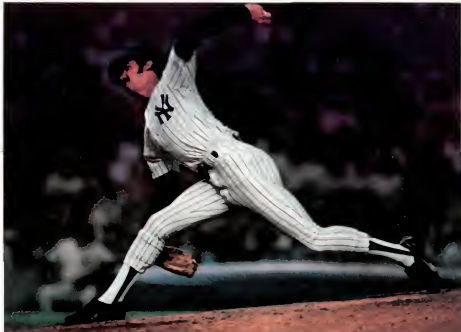
The fastball and slider, which are Gaudy's only pitches, have given him the best record in the league, although he modestly insists that he is not the best pitcher. To hear him tell it, he isn't even No. 1 on his own staff. "Look at the names on the lockers," he says. "Guys like Catfish and Gullett and Messersmith have all had great seasons. It just so happens that they're struggling now and I'm the one in a good groove. I know I'm important and that the team is relying on me, but if I say I have to win, I might try too hard."

Even if the others were at their best, Gaudy would still stand out. Not only is he a gifted pitcher, but Martin and Jackson extol his running and defensive virtues as well. "He and Palmer are the two best athletes among pitchers I've ever seen," Jackson says. "The few times I've seen him swing the bat make me think he could be an every-day player, the way Bob Gibson could have been."

When Gaudy signed with the Yankees in 1971 after 2½ years at the University of Southwest Louisiana, he wanted to be an outfielder. He says he still wonders how well he might have done. "The scouts told me my future was as a pitcher," he says, "so I guess I'll never find out."

Oddly, the man who signed Gaudy, Atley Donald, is the coholder of the Yankee record for consecutive wins that Gaudy is threatening to break. Donald won his 12 straight as a rookie in 1939 to tie Tom Zachary, who was 12-0 in 1929.

In the first three years after he signed, Gaudy showed so little promise as a starter that he agreed to become a reliever in 1974. After a difficult year of



At 5'11" and over 160 pounds, Guidry is a mere wisp of a pitcher, but as he absorbs a shutting out like Jiggs while fanning 19, he has plenty of smoke.

transition he was considered a major league prospect. The Yankees shuttled him back and forth between Syracuse and New York in 1975 and '76, until the frustration of being returned to the minors in June 1976 made Guidry pack up his car and point it toward the bayous. Reason prevailed an hour out of New York when his wife Bonnie asked, "Are you sure you want to do this? You've never been a quitter before." One exit later Guidry was heading back to Syracuse, where he had an outstanding season: 5-1, 0.68 ERA, 50 strikeouts in 40 innings.

After that, the Yankee front office began to view Guidry as a successor to relief ace Sparky Lyle, which, in a way, was appropriate because Lyle had helped him develop a slider. But in the 1977 exhibition season Guidry was more a liability than a Lyle, with a 10.24 ERA in

six appearances. Nonetheless, Martin decided to keep him. "Gabe Paul [then the Yankee general manager] was high on Ron and so were his minor league managers," Martin says. "I took their word." In the process, he rejected the opinion of owner George Steinbrenner, who felt Guidry needed more seasoning.

Guidry got a chance to prove his owner wrong when Mike Torrez was late reporting after being traded to New York from Oakland. With Torrez unavailable for an April 29 game against Seattle, Martin had to find a fill-in. His choices were Ed Ricks, another youngster, and Guidry, who had already defeated Kansas City in relief. Martin picked Guidry, who went out and beat the Mariners 3-0. Three weeks later, when Hunter missed a turn because of an injury, Guidry came through again, pitching 8½ strong innings in a 5-2, 15-inning victory over

Oakland. Guidry had found a place in the starting rotation, and the Yankees had found a skinny savior.

Guidry says that to make his rapid transition from minor league reliever to Yankee fill-in to major league stopper, "I had to learn that I couldn't just throw smoke. I've never had a good curve, and in the minors my slider was never better than Triple-A quality. When the slider finally developed, I had something to offset the fastball."

That Guidry had a fastball to begin with is amazing considering his physique. Even he can't account for his speed. "It's more a gift than anything else," he says.

Whatever, Guidry shows no sign of letting up. When it was suggested to Martin last week that, of course, his ace could not stay unbeaten all season, Billy said, "Oh, yeah. How do you know?" **END**

A FLAMING OLYMPIAN MESS

Los Angeles' chance to host the 1984 Summer Games is in danger. But as some politicians try to douse all remaining hopes, a band of Angelenos may yet salvage the day by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON





the Olympic flame was weak and flickering in L.A., dangerously near being snuffed out.

Still, not even a respectable mud slide could be blamed. The kind of demi-disaster that chilled—and all but killed—Los Angeles' hopes for 1984 was far less spectacular. Measured on a Richter scale, it would peak out no higher than the point on a politician's head. Indeed, the forces that combined against the first U.S.-hosted Summer Games in 52 years are barely forces at all, for they consist of an accumulation of circumstance and coincidence, of miscalculation and bad manners, of bruised egos and organized crepehangings.

Nevertheless, Mayor Tom Bradley, his city's once optimistic leading proponent of the Games, reflected a siege mentality when he spoke of the situation last week: "We could say to hell with it and aban-

don the Games completely, but I think there have been too many people involved, too much effort expended, too many months of too many lives given to this effort for me to play the demagogue for short-term political advantage and walk away from this bid. We'll stick it out."

Anton Callea, one of Bradley's top city hall assistants and his budget director, has also been the project manager of the Olympic bid. He spoke of it in resignation and sorrow: "I am paid to be an optimistic man, but in this matter I am most pessimistic. The bid is in trouble. What began as a wooing exercise from the City of Los Angeles toward the International Olympic Committee has turned into an adversary relationship. And now the whole issue has become a political football at city hall, too. The situation has polarized both here and at IOC headquarters in Lausanne, and all I see is conflict, constant conflict."

What exactly happened to turn the City of Angels into the City of Angst? It is not easy to say, for the battle is still joined and much of what is happening is drowned out by the shrill bleats of politicians seeking preferment and power. In all this confusion at least one thing is

continued

Not so many weeks ago it seemed the only thing that might stop Los Angeles from hosting the Summer Olympic Games of 1984 would be a catastrophe—earthquake, tidal wave, an invasion of giant ants, some unthinkable cataclysm that perhaps lay even beyond the imaginations of Lucas, Kubrick and Spielberg combined. Nothing so dramatic came to pass. Yet as recently as early last week

certain: never have politics been played harder than they have been in the infighting over Los Angeles' bid for the Games of '84. The stakes range from East-West international prestige to prizes in mano a mano contests among petty bureaucrats. The participants include city councilmen who want to be mayor, a mayor who may want to be governor, a governor who may want to be President.

Some got into this game of Games for no other reason than that they are politicians. David Wolper, the movie producer and an Olympic proponent deeply involved in the Los Angeles bid, explained this phenomenon recently: "Most city hall politicians don't have things to do that get them into the newspapers," he said. "They deal with issues like fire prevention and garbage collection, and it's very hard to get your name in the paper or your face on TV when all you have to talk about is firemen and garbage cans. So whenever something glamorous like the Olympic Games comes along, city politicians are going to make it into an issue because anything is better than firemen and garbage cans."

For others, whether or not L.A. gets the Olympics is a more momentous matter. The U.S. Olympic Committee is attempting to maintain at least the image of authority over the Los Angeles crowd while the IOC struggles to retain at least a facsimile of absolute power over a dwindling and steadily less viable international Olympic structure. And in the

wings stand the eager politicians of Munich and Montreal who will use whatever clout they have with the IOC to get the Games for themselves if L.A. loses out or bows out.

Since so much of the current mess is political, it follows that illusion has replaced reality to a great extent. Rhetoric and bombast emphasize what seems to be instead of what is. To uncover reality, one must go back to the beginning.

Foremost among the reasons that made the L.A. bid for the Games seem so invulnerable was the fact that it was the only one. Once Los Angeles, with its glittering AAA municipal credit rating, had wrestled the right to represent the U.S. in the bidding from bankruptcy-threatened New York, suddenly there was no one else to compete with. As of last November's deadline, no other city had even filed an application with the IOC.

In retrospect, the advantage of that particular "reality" may have been that the first illusion John C. Argue, who has chaired the local boosters' group, the Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games (SCCOG), for six years, says, "It would have been better if many cities had bid. In fact, I think it proved to be a tragedy that we were alone, because it made it seem as if we were buying a bad deal full of trouble."

Another highly appealing reality at the time was the official insistence that L.A.'s Olympics would be a "Spartan Games," run on a low budget in facilities that had been built years ago—the Coliseum, the Rose Bowl, the Forum, etc. A rough—and perhaps somewhat questionable—estimate of expenses and revenues put together last year by Olympic proponents indicated that capital costs for new construction for the Games would be no more than \$33,500,000, a pittance. The only new facilities would be a swimming stadium (\$15 million), a rowing channel (\$3 million) and a temporary velodrome (\$500,000). The refurbishing of existing facilities would cost another \$15 million. Overall expenditures would be \$183 million. The figures seem optimistic to the point of being dreams—but the fact remains that L.A. cannot possibly come close to the terrifying \$900 million deficit run up by the mad builders of Montreal in 1976. At the same time, Los Angeles' Olympic optimists are quick to point out that if one subtracts from that deficit the monumental spending for capital construction in Montreal (some of

which is being regularly used today by professional teams), the Montreal Olympics actually profited by \$126 million—from revenues brought in by everything from stamps and coins to tickets, programs and concessions. The Los Angeles projection for income is fairly conservative: \$184,250,000, including such items as \$74 million from ticket sales (at an average price of \$14.50 per ticket), \$10 million from licensing rights, \$750,000 from concession income and half a million from program sales. This would leave a profit of slightly over \$1 million, without adding money that could be forthcoming from stamp, coin and medal promotions, which the President's Commission on Olympic Sports estimated at a whopping \$500 million.

No federal money was included in these early estimates. But it is assumed that a good deal of it will be forthcoming if L.A. gets the Summer Games. California Congresswoman Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, a leading Olympic advocate on Capitol Hill says, "The government has appropriated \$58 million for the Lake Placid [Winter] Games in 1980 and \$12 million for the Pan-American Games in Puerto Rico in 1979. Certainly there will be a sizable amount available for a Summer Olympics in Los Angeles." The California Congressional delegation has been inclined to support the Olympics in L.A., and two weeks ago California Senator Alan Cranston, a former quarter-miller at Stanford, wrote President Carter asking for strong White House backing in getting the Federal Government to provide for security measures at the Games, which otherwise would be a costly expenditure. Here, of course, we enter politics again. Thus far the anti-frills Carter Administration has not been as outspokenly pro-Olympics as that of Gerald Ford and, should there be a contest between austerity-conscious California Governor Jerry Brown and President Carter to outfrugal each other in real or imagined conflict over the Democratic Presidential nomination, the Olympic support could become an issue. Sooner or later, too, there will arise the question of U.S. prestige vs. Russian prestige in the matter of holding—or not holding—an Olympic Games.

There certainly will be some federal money available—and there certainly will be some television money, too. The question is how much? In the rough estimate produced last fall, a profit from



television of \$66 million was added into the revenues. That would be after the IOC had taken its one-third cut. "I'll eat my hat if we don't get twice that," says John Argue.

Whatever the bottom line after all these estimates, no one in Los Angeles favors hosting the Olympics if there is any risk that it will result in a deficit for the city treasury. A private poll taken last fall to determine if there was grass-roots support for the Games revealed that 80.9% of the people approved if they could be held without spending any city money. That figure plunged to 35% if the Games might result in a deficit. This is indicative of a new worldwide attitude toward the Olympics—a switch from the universal view of a few years ago that the Games were a grand acquisition for any city and any nation.

Nevertheless, one final reality appeared to bulwark L.A.'s bid—in all the world there may be no city more oriented toward sport. Every game and contest seems to flourish in its sunshine, a matchless ambience for world competition that turned the 1932 Games into an oddly idyllic affair that earned a \$1 million profit despite the fact that it was held in the darkest Depression year of them all.

Somehow all these factors were so beautifully interlocked that it should have been impossible for L.A. to lose the Olympics. And yet...

The whole fabric began to show flaws early in the winter of 1978. First there was the matter of a number of questionnaires from the IOC and the sports federations, which every municipal applicant for an Olympic bid must fill out. The IOC is used to answers that are verbose, and most applicant cities fairly wallow in the baroque prose of diplomacy. The approach of the L.A. people was the reverse. They replied in terse, no-nonsense terms, declaring their intention to retain control of everything that happened in their Olympics pertaining to finances, including the negotiation and acceptance of TV contracts, as well as all costs and designs of facilities to be constructed or refurbished. "All final decisions," L.A. told the IOC, "must be reserved to the local organizing committee pursuant to contractual agreements." Period.

This flew in the face of all that the IOC has come to believe about itself and about the quadrennial spectacle it bestows on some lucky city. Lord Killman,

a usually genial pipe smoker with an affable manner, cracked back with uncharacteristic sharpness: "All the needs of the IOC, the international federations and the USOC shall be met by the city... and the IOC is the final authority over the Games." And to cut off all further debate on the question of money he reminded L.A. that the national Olympic Committee and the city chosen must "assume complete financial responsibility for the Games." Period.

European journalists, as accustomed as the IOC to the more florid language of less independent applicants, quickly labeled the L.A. document "belligerent" and "arrogant." In hindsight, John Argue says, "It was terse, let's say, and it could have been stated in nicer language." And, as luck—and city hall politics—would have it, Argue recalls, those replies to the questionnaires were drafted in the office of L.A.'s chief administrative officer, C. Erwin Piper, an outspoken official who, as a matter of political philosophy, believes that not a dime should be spent for any project that is not fully under control of city bureaus. Piper had also consistently disputed the expenditure figures of the pro-Olympics forces, insisting that the Games would cost many millions more than anticipated. Thus, the political struggles inside city hall were introduced directly into the negotiations between the city and the IOC.

There was to be more of this in the drafting of another important missive to the IOC, the long and detailed contract that the city presented as the sole legal document of agreement between the two bodies concerning the Games. The work on this paper was done in the office of Burt Pines, the city attorney, and what came out was a piece of lengthy (25 pages) legalese written in the precise, detailed style of U.S. contractual agreements rather than in the less specific language of European contracts to which the IOC is accustomed. "The city attorney's contract was written like a marriage arrangement that had the divorce agreement drawn up ahead of time," says Anton Calleja. "It demanded: 'Give the



city the Games,' but the city refuses to take any responsibility for them."

To some observers, this aggressive flavor seemed to have been created almost purposely to irritate the IOC and hurt the city's chances. A few city hall insiders saw the heavy-handed language as being an extension of the political rivalry between Mayor Bradley and Attorney Pines. At the time the contract was drafted, Pines was involved in a rugged primary campaign for the Democratic nomination for state attorney general. His opponent (and the ultimate winner) was the popular Congresswoman Burke, who had the full support of Mayor Bradley.

Be that as it may, the brusqueness of these official communications to the IOC did, in fact, set a sharply negative tone for further dealings. John Ferraro, a strapping former USC All-America tackle who is president of the city council, thinks that perhaps the misunderstandings could have been avoided if the city had sent emissaries to talk with IOC representatives and soothe ruffled feelings. "Maybe we were too frugal," says Ferraro. "Maybe we should have sent someone to Lausanne to talk about the answers to the questionnaires. The same with the contract. But we were too frugal to do even that."

On the other hand, Argue, who is an attorney himself, maintains that the straightforward, candid style was best. "Lake Placid played the game differently

continued

than we did, so did Moscow, and so did Sarajevo [the Yugoslav city chosen to hold the '84 Winter Games]. They all signed whatever it was the IOC put in front of them and figured they'd work it all out later. And they did work it all out with a minimum of problems, as far as I know. But we weren't in a position to do that due to the political climate in L.A. And even if we had been, that is not a businesslike way to handle it. We wanted a contract that meant what it said. We wanted sound legal language that both sides understood precisely."

Instead of a firm working agreement, what had been established between Los Angeles and the IOC was a very spiky relationship. The parties met face to face twice: the first time at Mexico City in April, when delegations from the city and the IOC met to discuss disagreements on who would control the Olympic purse strings and how. Rule 21 in the Olympic Charter states that all revenue is to be paid first to the IOC, which then deburses it to the host city and other parties. In Mexico City, the IOC agreed to waive this requirement. It also gave L.A. the right to negotiate a television agreement with one-third of the rights money going, as usual, to the IOC. It seemed as if things were progressing favorably—particularly because the IOC had already waived its normal requirement that an Olympic Village be constructed and, instead, agreed that college dormitories could be so used.

All this added up to sizable compromises by the IOC. "The Olympic skeptics around here have called the IOC unreasonable," Mayor Bradley said last week. "But, believe me, they have tried and they have been most reasonable."

The next meeting was to take place in mid-May in Athens when the full 85-member assembly of the IOC would convene to put a final stamp of approval, disapproval—or whatever—on the Los Angeles bid for '84. But in the meantime, a new and negative influence in California began to exert more and more pressure on the fortunes of the Games. This was the anti-tax rebellion, gathering a head of power that would culminate in a statewide election on June 6 when Proposition 13 would pass by an astonishing, top-heavy vote. Passage would cause a rollback of property taxes that would slash some \$7 billion from the rev-

enues of municipalities across the state.

In fact, the Los Angeles Olympics were not directly affected by the vote, for there was no property-tax money involved in any of the proposals for funding the Games. Yet, inevitably, the fevered climate of revolt against government spending began to infect the public attitude toward the Olympics, and as a natural consequence, the attitude of the politicians. Soon there were new dissident voices at city hall.

Mayor Bradley first became angry, then frustrated, then resigned. He said, "There has been so much bombastic rhetoric, all negative, about the Games, all predicting huge deficits, all voicing pessimism and gloom. Even if we could afford the most aggressive public relations program we couldn't undermine that talk. It is repeated over and over and over. It is a product of the climate of Proposition 13, of politicians grandstanding for the public. But it is also caused by terrible reporting in the media. This isn't going to cost anyone one dime in property taxes, but no one wants to listen to that. No one will listen anymore. No one will believe me. The atmosphere has been poisoned."

Bradley blames much of the poison on reporting in the *Los Angeles Times*, a near-monolithic press power in the area. However, the *Times* editorial page has been inclined to favor an Olympics if it can be staged without fiscal liability to the city—which is precisely the mayor's position. And the *Times'* lead sports columnist, Jim Murray, wrote that the "paper-clip counters" were turning L.A. into a "dreary little Calvin Coolidge hide-under-the-bed town."

Where Bradley and virtually every other Olympic supporter in Los Angeles claim to find an anti-Olympics slant is in the news stories of Kenneth Reich, a veteran *Times* political reporter. Asked about his approach to Olympic stories, Reich predictably replied that he did not feel his reporting had been unfairly negative and pointed out that, in fact, nearly all of the media in the L.A. area had been quite unfriendly to the Games—some more so than the *Times*.

True enough. One talk-show host on radio station KABC (which is owned by the ABC network) has been so consistently anti-Olympics that Boone Arledge, president of news and sports for the network, told a Los Angeles acquaintance, "I tried to convince the station manage-

ment to make him shut up because we want to bid on these Games. I didn't have any luck at all. He's still knocking them, and I just hope he doesn't kill them."

The air of negativism was strong in L.A. by the weekend of May 13 when a large contingent—including a butterfly anti-Olympics city councilman, Robert Ronka—began arriving in Athens to learn if the IOC would at last accept the city's bid. "Things were very cool," John Argue says. "The IOC gave the Russians a limousine to ride around town, but they made everyone from L.A. take cabs." The environment was worse than cool; it was heavy with anger, for many IOC members had just gotten their first look at the steely language of the L.A. contract as drafted by the city attorney's office. Robert J. Kane, president of the USOC, was first to meet with the IOC executive board and was told that there was no possibility that the Games would be awarded to Los Angeles.

Argue, chairman of the SCCOG, arrived a day or so later. "I was told the IOC executive committee had kicked us out," he says, "but I wanted to hear this from the horse's mouth, so I asked for a special meeting with the IOC executive group. We sat down for four hours and we went over the contract language, point by point. They had said flatly that it was not right, that it was not their style of contract, that it was unacceptable. But in that meeting when we explained the realities of the phrasing, when we spoke about the specific practicalities of what the contract meant to say—well, we found we could agree on point after point after point. When the meeting finally ended, we had only one point of disagreement: the IOC's Rule Four."

Ah, yes, Rule Four. Here is where the politicians of Los Angeles and the politicians of the IOC came to grips over a few words that seem to have far more ceremonial significance than legal force. Rule Four lays down in five fairly succinct paragraphs the lines of ownership and authority regarding the Olympics. There appears no doubt about who is in charge: "Every person or organization that plays any part whatsoever in the Olympic movement shall accept the supreme authority of the IOC and shall be bound by its Rules and submit to its jurisdiction." Flat and authoritarian, no room to wiggle out of that, is there? Well, of course there is. The most blatant recent example occurred in Montreal in

continued



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1976 when the Canadian government flagrantly ignored both Olympic custom and law by refusing to allow the Taiwanese team into the Games despite IOC "demands" that they do so.

No, IOC rules are not carved in stone, they are scarcely traced in sand. However, the IOC wants to present the appearance—the *illusion*—of authority. Thus, after Montreal's deficit, the IOC wrote a clause into Rule Four that said, "The NOC [National Olympic Committee] and the city chosen shall be jointly and severally responsible for all commitments entered into and shall assume complete financial responsibility for the organization of the Games."

This is a sentence grounded almost completely in the theatrics of politics to make it seem that the IOC is taking a tough stand to protect the Olympic credit rating after Montreal. A veteran of Lake Placid's dealings with the IOC over the 1980 Games says that his group had consistently found the committee willing to bend, and often break, its own rules in the face of practical demands. Another veteran observer says, "The rules of the IOC do not, in fact, accurately reflect the real-life manner in which the Games are done."

Unfortunately, despite the progress made by John Argue, real life was not the point in Athens; many IOC members felt they had been insulted by the upstarts from Los Angeles. City Councilman Ronka had been on the phone from Athens back to radio talk shows and the press in Los Angeles, and he issued a constant stream of highly uncomplimentary remarks about the IOC and its policies, at one point labeling the group "archaic and arcane aristocrats and freeloaders." Much of this invective was duly reported to the IOC in Athens.

Thus, when the full membership of the IOC met early one morning to make its final decision on the 1984 Games, Los Angeles was again in trouble. Only the desperate intervention of a few old friends from previous bids—the city has tried to collar the last three Summer Games—managed to save L.A. from being tossed out on the spot. As a way of saving face—and the Games—at least for the time being, the IOC suggested that Los Angeles might want to investigate the possibility of getting an insurance policy that would cover the city in case of any financial losses incurred by the Games. This, of course, bordered on the

ludicrous, but it did present at least another soothing illusion that a settlement might be possible. Thus, Lord Killman announced that Los Angeles was awarded the Games—but only on a conditional basis, and that local politics and Proposition 13 notwithstanding, a contract would have to be signed accepting some kind of financial responsibility for the Games no later than July 31.

Back in the pressure-cooker atmosphere of Los Angeles, with anti-spending fever rising daily in the intensifying campaign for Proposition 13, local politicians perceived that fierce attacks on the Olympics and the IOC seemed to go down well with voters. Ronka was the first to return from Athens, and he quickly declared to all who would listen that the IOC had "whipsawed," "double-crossed" and "backstabbed" the Los Angeles contingent. Other council members joined the chorus, and City Controller Ira Reiner, known to have ambitions for higher office, announced that he and City Councilman Ermini Bernardi, long a fiscal gadfly and opponent of all manner of spending for the Olympics, were going to launch a campaign to put what amounts to an anti-Olympics referendum on the ballot next spring (the earliest it could be done).

The political winds continued to blow so hard and so hot around this issue that Mayor Bradley finally threw up his hands in early June and named a blue-ribbon citizens' committee to study the situation. "It is no longer the city government's responsibility to resolve this matter," he said. "I want this committee to explore all realistic possibilities for holding the Olympics in Los Angeles without fiscal risk to the city and, for now, I want it removed from all debate in the city council. We have to get the issue outside the atmosphere of city hall, where demagoguery and negativism and transparent political opportunism have made any kind of meaningful debate or decision impossible."

The seven-member citizens' committee was an important step back toward sanity and away from illusion. For the first time, there was true civic clout involved in the Los Angeles Olympic effort, for Bradley had selected powerful people from business and labor, both Republicans and Democrats. Moreover, it is far more perilous for an ambitious politician

to attack the motives and plans of people such as these than it is to assault fellow politicians down in the trenches. As if by magic, a relative hush fell over city hall.

One member of the committee, David Wolper, defined the new conditions this way: "The city is out of it now. We'll negotiate a deal with the IOC and we'll come back and just ask the blessing of the city. That's all we need, a kind of ceremonial support. There'll be no question of a tax deficit. This is an independent committee. We don't need anyone's financial help. The day we incorporate ourselves, we could have a \$200 million line of credit. This thing should never have gotten to be a political issue, but no one has really been deeply involved except the politicians—until now. I am convinced that the IOC has wanted to get this thing settled and that it wants the games in L.A. We're going to do that, it's just a matter of mechanics."

Well, of course, it is probably more than that. Early last week Monique Berlioux, the director of the IOC, proclaimed stiffly from headquarters in Lausanne, "We simply cannot take responsibility for a city we do not control. So far as we are concerned, there is nothing left to negotiate."

But there is always a little something left to negotiate. Later in the week the citizens' committee named by Bradley filed papers with the California secretary of state's office, incorporating itself (with the USOC's legal imprimatur) as the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee. This gave the group the legal power to negotiate as a formal body with the IOC. It neatly removed the city government and its cacophonous crowd of opportunists from the whole affair. It opened the way for the IOC to save face without having to accommodate its rules to the city's political imperatives. What remained was for the IOC to agree that the committee of private citizens could be the responsible signer of the contract. To that end, Argue, Wolper and a couple of other blue-ribbon types flew to Montreal to meet with Monique Berlioux and other IOC representatives.

As they settled into the plush Queen Elizabeth Hotel there, suddenly the situation took on an optimistic glow again. Suddenly it seemed that, at last, logic might prevail, that the Olympics of '84 might actually be held in a place where they obviously belong.

END

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WHIRLING WITH FLAIR IN THE AIR

by KENT HANNON

Kurt Thomas, innovator of the Thomas Flair, has clearly swung himself to the top of gymnastics in this country

When Eleanor Thomas' youngest son Kurt was nine years old, she took him to see a genetic specialist at Miami's Jackson Memorial Hospital because, as she recalls, "The poor little thing was just bones; I mean, he was so tiny that if he had lost five pounds I think he would have died. I was terrified he was going to be a midget."

X rays of Kurt's hands confirmed that his growth was somewhat retarded, and further examination revealed not one but two heart murmurs. The doctors adopted a wait-and-see attitude, telling Mrs. Thomas they would keep a close watch on him for the next five years to see how he developed.

Not very much, as it turned out. The heart murmurs did go away, but at the age of 13 Kurt was still small enough (4' 9", 77 pounds) to succeed in talking his way onto a Tiny Tot football team for 10-year-olds.

He was a tough little kid nonetheless, and a good athlete for his size. When he was 14 and returned to Jackson for his final checkup, a consulting pediatrician, Dr. William Cleveland, looked him over and told his mother that he would probably turn out just fine. Not big, she was to understand, since she was scarcely five feet tall and her late husband had been only 5' 6". But little Kurt could expect to lead a normal life.

It took eight years for Kurt to allay his mother's fears. But when 22-year-old Kurt Thomas, now 5' 5" and a rock-hard 127 pounds, won his third consecutive U.S. Gymnastics Federation title in Los Angeles earlier this month, topping off a frantic week of nonstop interviews, agents' phone calls and a movie offer with a 9.9 on the high bar, he proved he was going to be big after all. In the Hollywood sense. Also, that the next few years of his life were going to be anything but normal.

Thomas' USGF all-round title reaffirmed his position as the best gymnast in the country—indeed, probably the finest the U.S. has ever had. While that distinction hasn't meant much to the rest

of the world in the past (the U.S. has not won an Olympic gold medal in gymnastics since 1932), it is about to mean a good deal. Thomas' dramatic 9.9 in Los Angeles was the third of his career, and many of the world's leading gymnasts believe he will be a force to reckon with at the Moscow Games in 1980. Moreover, Thomas will not be a one-man team. He needed his near perfect high-bar routine, concluded by a stunning double back somersault with a full twist, as a rejoinder to Oklahoma's NCAA champion Bart Conner, who, moments before, had stolen some of Thomas' thunder with a brilliantly conceived 9.85 set on the parallel bars.

Besides Conner, who led the Sooners to the NCAA team title while Thomas, now a senior at Indiana State, was competing overseas, three other highly accomplished gymnasts competed in Los Angeles. They were Jim Hartung, a cocky freshman-to-be at Nebraska, whose even cockier coach roamed the UCLA campus scratching out Thomas' name on promotional posters and scribbling in Hartung's; Mike Wilson, a teammate of Conner's at Oklahoma; and Phil Cahoy, a high school teammate of Hartung's in Omaha.

This is the best young crop of gymnasts the U.S. has ever produced. If they reach their goal, a bronze medal in the team competition in Moscow, their success story will have begun with the splash Thomas has made in international meets in the past year. His red-shirt season may have cost Indiana State the NCAA title, but his performances in places like Barcelona, Tokyo and London have given American gymnasts sorely needed stature in the minds of foreign judges. And for the young gymnasts back home, there was now an American to pattern themselves after.

Thomas has posed for pictures with Nadia Comaneci—when they took their victory bows at the 1977 Romanian Invitational in Bacau. In Barcelona, crowds gasped at his "Thomas Flair," a pommel horse maneuver that was subse-



Excelling on the high bar in L.A., Thomas comes down and out of a half turn of a straddle Varsieff

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAFAEL BEER

quently named for him: in the midst of what looks like a typical routine, Thomas suddenly flies into a series of whirling midair leg scissors, as if blown around the horse by a giant fan. Spanish newspaper headlines proclaimed his style THE NEW GYMNASTICS, and the stories said that here at last was an innovator from America, a gymnast who wasn't following in the footsteps of either the Japanese or the Soviets.

At the American Cup in New York's Madison Square Garden last March, response to Thomas was overwhelming. Before a national TV audience and a two-day crowd of 22,000, Thomas shocked an 18-nation field by winning all six events with scores of 9.6 or higher. East German Olympian Roland Bruckner was second, Conner third, Russia's Sergei Khizhnikov fourth and Japan's two-time Olympic gold medalist Mitsuo Tsukahara a distant fifth. After the awards ceremony, where Thomas was mobbed by young girls, one of them was overheard asking another, "Do you think Kurt will sign my autograph book?"

"I don't know. He's awfully tired and would probably like to get going."

"How do you know so much? I saw him talking to you during the meet. Who are you, his mother or something?"

"No, I'm his wife."

Thomas' star quality was also quickly recognized by Paul Brandon, whose Hollywood clients include actor Bill Bixby and who was one of the first to contact Thomas when he arrived in Los Angeles to help promote the USGF meet.

"Kurt, I've seen what you can do in gymnastics and, believe me, you have all the tools to become great," said Brandon over the telephone. "I'm calling you now because I screwed up in not getting to Bruce Jenner early. I don't want to make the same mistake twice."

Back home in Terre Haute, Ind., with the last reminders of his bachelor days—a Datsun 240Z and a waterbed—recently sold so that he and his wife Beth could buy an \$8,000 mobile home, newlywed

continued

Kurt Thomas doesn't live like a media star. And he seems unlikely to become overimpressed with his status, as long as Beth continues to point out that he is so small she can wear his shirts and jeans.

As to physique, it should be noted that the boom in U.S. gymnastics has led to a significant reduction in the body size of American gymnasts. The first six finishers at the USGFs all fit the "ideal" proportions of the Japanese, who are still the spiritual leaders of the men's sport, having been winners of every Olympic team championship since 1960.

Thomas also benefits from his extremely long arms and relatively short legs. On the horse, for example, this enables him to work higher than most gymnasts, with less worry about getting his legs tangled in the pommels as he swings through his routine. This added height—"amplitude," as the judges refer to it—is what makes his "Thomas Flair" so exciting. When gymnasts all over the world began trying to imitate it (with limited success thus far), Thomas updated the Flair with a tricky move to the other side of the horse, where he executes another Flair for the folks on the opposite side of the arena.

"Kurt has an actor's demeanor and a good stage feel for the sport," says Conner. "He can handle a greater degree of difficulty than the rest of us right now, and he really knows how to show off what he does best. He has an explosive style, and when he gets hot, as he did at the American Cup, look out."

Thomas racks up points for originality and virtuosity with the Flair, which he has now incorporated into his floor exercise, but he also scores high because of the crisp, nifty manner in which he attacks every trick in all of the categories. In the minds of the judges, he is not tied to any one aspect of gymnastics, as is Russia's world champion Nikolai Andrianov, whose superiority is in the strength moves.

Thomas isn't afraid of big tricks, like the triple flyaway he has been working on as a high bar dismount, and he will also put a little ballet into his floor exercise, carrying it off with the panache of a Korhut or Comaneci. He agrees with the popular notion that because girls mature faster than boys, they hit

their gymnastics peak in their early teens, while men get better with age.

"Young girls like Korhut and Comaneci don't have the fear that young men have," he says. "I didn't have any fear either when I started out, and that was a definite asset. Once I got hurt I started really being afraid. I was practicing the floor exercise and I landed on my neck and fractured the seventh cervical vertebra. I was tired at the time and went over too early and landed on my head. But it was a minor break and I just needed a collar for a while."

"You know, people think the floor exercise is the safest thing we do, but it's not true. Out on the floor there is nothing to hold on to."

"Each event has its own dangers—I've heard it said that 300 pounds of pressure builds up on your hands as you go through a giant swing on the rings. These tricks don't just look scary, they are when you're learning them. But you've got a training belt on that's hooked to the ceiling by two ropes and a system of pulleys—your coach or teammate can just give a yank on the rope and take all the velocity out of your landing. But the high bar is probably the most dangerous, because it's eight feet off the ground, and at the top of your dismount you're dropping to the mat."



From the top, Thomas does a back flip to a second handstand, performs a V support, and comes down from his Flair to a scissors break.



from 12 or 14 feet up, at great speed.

"Take the triple flyaway I'm trying to perfect. You learn it in stages. If you've done two somersaults in practice, it's not too hard just to hold on a little longer and go for three. You have to try to feel three, however, and you've got to look for your landing. Not consciously, perhaps, but I am looking as I'm coming out of the third revolution. You can count one, two, three or, as I do, you can anticipate the landing according to your rotation speed. Over the years I've accumulated an air sense, or what you might call an air awareness, of where I am at a certain time in a certain trick. At my stage, I don't think any real flukes are going to happen. In competition you have to have the trick down or you don't use it. When I perform now I'm not really afraid because I know what I'm doing."

"I think most tricks should be done with swing rather than brute strength, because that way the move can be made to look effortless. There are moves, on the rings, for example, that require super strength, but making it look effortless—I think that's your ultimate goal in gymnastics."

Thomas had not arrived at this point when he finished 21st in the all-round in the 1976 Olympics. Admittedly at that time he was hindered as much by a lack of international experience as he was by stretched ligaments in one finger, an injury he incurred a few days before the competition.

"Kurt did well to finish where he did, considering his injury," says Penn State's Karl Schwenke, who coached the U.S. team in Montreal. "He doesn't realize it yet, but since then he has become as good as anyone in the world. He's what I call a visual genius. You can show him a trick on videotape—something that might take another gymnast months to perfect—and Kurt has it locked in after 10 minutes. He has power, jumping ability and punch, and he always has something left. I think he's about to succeed in putting men's gymnastics on the map in this country."

Thomas also has fans overseas. "I give Kurt big chances in Moscow," says West Germany's Eberhard Genger, a high-bar specialist who withstood a 9.9 by

Thomas on the horse to win a narrow victory over him at a recent four-nation meet in Muenster.

Such praise is meaningful, but in the fiercely political and highly polarized world of international gymnastics, Genger's sentiments would be looked upon with some skepticism by the Russians and Japanese. However, when word trickled back to this country that Andrianov, a five-time Olympic gold medalist, considers Thomas his No. 1 opponent in 1980, Kurt was knocked for a loop.

The idea that he might beat Andrianov, or at least the realization that he is alone at the top of U.S. gymnastics, seemed to have hit home as Thomas spent his next-to-last night in Los Angeles relaxing over a room-service meal at the Century Plaza Hotel.

"When I first started out in gymnastics, I was too weak to even do the rings," he said. "You should have seen me as a hall monitor at Miami Central High. They had to assign Elvis Peacock, a friend of mine, who went on to star in football at Oklahoma, to walk around with me and act as an enforcer. I didn't mind that so much, but I guess what they say about short people is true—you really do want to feel powerful at some point in your

life. Gymnastics has taken me from Miami Central, where kids used to throw rocks at the windows during our meets, to winning the Romanian International. After all the work I've put in," he observed, "it would be nice to think that gymnastics might become a major sport in this country someday."

In truth, the crowds at the L.A. premiere of *Jaws 2* were greater than those at Pauley Pavilion for any of the three nights of the USGFs. But there is considerable indication that Schwenke's prediction may well come true. Dial Soap has just plunked down \$1.25 million to cover the USGF's operating expenses for the next two years, and there were times when Namath and the AFL, Billie Jean and women's tennis and Dr. J and the ABA would have welcomed that kind of financial cushion. In a way, though, it boils down to something one of those Hollywood agents said when Thomas was out of earshot. "If he wins the gold medal in Moscow, Kurt Thomas will be the biggest thing to hit this country since Neil Armstrong."

That would be some accomplishment for Eleanor Thomas' little runt. Not to mention its being a giant step for U.S. gymnastics.

END



In Los Angeles, winner Thomas was followed in the USGF standings by Conner, Hartung and Wilson.



The buffalo is long gone, but to Indians like old Ben, the principle of the hunt endures, although game is pursued in pickup trucks

by JOHN BARNES

THE SPIRIT STILL LIVES

Ben Burshia is an 80-year-old Sioux Indian. He has killed 1,000 deer in his lifetime. Others have shot that many big game animals, notably African "control" hunters (those hired to thin overcrowded herds), "white" hunters, who led safaris, and ivory hunters. There might be an old maharaja or two still living who could tell of his great bags of tiger, black buck and axis deer, or a very old American hide hunter who took part in the slaughter of the last great bison herds (such a man would have to be very old, indeed, as the last year in which significant numbers of buffalo were hunted was 1883).

There is one big difference, however, between those hunters and Ben Burshia: without exception, they have either been

paid to hunt—by a government, by people they were guiding, or been recompensed by hides or ivory—or they have been of the moneyed leisure class, who killed as a pastime, for sport. Ben Burshia has killed 1,000 deer for food.

None of the animals he killed was sold. None was taken only for its hide or as a trophy. In the Indian way, they were shared among his family (which includes my wife, who is Ben's granddaughter) and close friends. Ben lives on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in northeastern Montana, where the tribal members have legal rights to unlimited year-round hunting. Ben still hunts; he is known as one of the best hunters on the reservation. While he cannot see or shoot quite as well as he once did, he can still find deer

It is an already hot morning in mid-July, and the huge Montana sky is a clear, intense blue above the khaki-green prairie. Ben's little Japanese pickup is bouncing along the top of a ridge in the country north of Poplar, the tribal agency. He is pointing with his pipe, talking to me as we bounce along, relating where the deer like to lie in this part of the country, telling stories of how and when he got the "big buck," of where his oldest grandson shot his first deer. Ben knows every trail and coulee on the reservation; he learned the locations of many of them just after the turn of the century when he was a young cowboy and the prairie was still empty land.

We ride up to the edge of a long coulee and get out. Ben takes his old .30-06

from the gun rack in the back window of the little truck. The wind and rain have beaten the edge of the ridge bare. I pick up a rock the size of my fist and throw it as hard as I can toward a thick patch of chokecherry below us. My aim is good: the rock arcs above the straight horizon and falls, slowly tumbling, into the thickest part of the brush. Small branches snap as the rock slaps through the green leaves, but instead of the expected diminishing of sound, the crackling becomes louder. The brushstems wave and with a bounding crash two deer, red-coated from the summer sun, are running in the open, up the other side of the coulee. Beside me Ben's rifle cracks, the bullet throwing dust and gravel over the deer, and then they are gone, beyond the ridge.

"Come on, get in!" Ben says, already in the pickup. "I know where they're headed." He jerks the truck into gear and we bounce up around the end of the long coulee, then back down the next ridge. As we near the end of the ridge Ben slams on the brakes: he seems to be out the door before the pickup has fully stopped.

"Too late," he says. He takes off his long-billed cap and runs his hand through his iron-gray hair, then points. Out across the open flat below us the two deer are running, small dots, at least a mile away. We watch as they disappear into a coulee in the distance.

"Let's go get 'em," Ben pulls his cap back on, and we drive along the edge of the ridge, looking for a place where we can safely head down into the flat below so that we can follow the deer.

The hunting rights that Ben and the other tribal members enjoy are part of the legacy of the old treaties—the most important part of those agreements—whereby land was set aside for Indian hunting "as long as the grass grows and the water flows." The original reservations were only occasionally the

exclusive hunting lands of a tribe (How can you designate a certain piece of country as the land of a band of nomadic buffalo followers?), but in time such land, no matter how sparse its game, did become hunting country. Hunting is important to the Indians, if only as a gesture that affirms a tribe's continuing existence.

The buffalo were gone about the time the Fort Peck Reservation was established in the early 1880s, well before Ben was born, and he grew up hunting mule deer and pronghorn antelope. Now most of the mule deer and antelope are gone, too, not having adapted well to the white man's civilization; much of the original Indian land on the reservation has been

sold or leased to white ranchers by Indians who had no other source of income.

These days Ben hunts white-tailed deer, which can adapt to man's presence and have filled the ecological niche left by the mule deer's disappearance. The whitetail is more difficult to hunt than the mule deer, which commonly stand still watching a hunter, or stop after running off a way to observe whatever scared them. On the other hand, the first glimpse you are apt to get of a whitetail is its white flag flicking off across the grassy hills, often out of range.

In spite of the difficulty involved in hunting it, the whitetail seems to appeal to something in the Indian spirit, some

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD SPARKS



As long as his eyes—and gas—hold up, Ben will wheel the rutted roads

carry-over from the old days of the buffalo chase. On the reservation it is a common practice to pursue deer with pickups after they have been jumped and missed. The modern non-Indian hunter with his concept of sportsmanship would find this pursuit unethical, but Indian hunting is still—at least primarily—a search for meat, not a sport.

I once rode with Ben and three other men in a chase after a wounded whitetail buck. The deer was shot after being jumped from a coulee. It fell but started running before it could be approached and finished. The buck might have escaped had it headed back into the coulee; instead it chose to run across an open flat. The other hunters were in the back of the pickup; bouncing and swerving over the prairie at 30 mph, they had to wait until we had pulled within 20 feet of the running deer before they could shoot. Even then they had to fire several shots before they brought it down. A bullet found its spine, and the buck rolled for 50 feet before coming to a stop.

Such an episode would be distasteful, at the very least, to modern sport hunters, but it resulted in meat for a number of people. Strange as it may seem, it was also exciting. Even though I had only observed from the cab of the truck, there was a tremendous surge of adrenaline that caught and held me—all of us—as we raced alongside the deer, close enough to see its open mouth gulping air, to almost feel each roll of its muscles. Possibly we were caught up in the same savagery that must have been part of the buffalo hunt, but that is easy to say in the calm of retrospection. At that moment, in the pounding movement and near contact with something wild and confusing, something never before touchable, rationality disappeared and there was nothing left but the hunt.

In addition to filling the niche left by the mule deer, the whitetail has filled a space in Indian culture. To the older Indians there has been a transference of sorts of the spirit and purpose of the buffalo hunt, first to the mule deer and antelope, and now to the whitetail. That spirit may carry less meaning now than it did 100 years ago when the limitless prairie was filled with herds of buffalo, when the hills were empty of ranch houses

and there were no dams on the rivers. Still, some of the continuity, some of the feeling of that spirit has been passed on, though weakened, on the reservation. The Indian still hunts and the spirit that moves the hunter is still with him.

There have been changes, of course. Today, instead of hunting from a pony with a bow made of wood and bone, Ben travels in his minipickup and uses his scope-sighted .30-06. To a non-Indian observer such concessions to technology might seem to be yet another manifestation of the loss of old traditions, another example of how the influence of the white culture has tainted the "purity" of Indian values. Indians themselves, however, see nothing wrong with either pickups or rifles; they are simply better ways of hunting.

Indians were always willing to use any method that got them game, and if a tool came along that killed their quarry more easily than the one they had been using, so much the better. Their lives depended on hunting. When good rifles became available to Indians they were recognized for what they were—more efficient hunting tools. The horse was brought to America by whites and riding was quickly recognized as a great improvement over walking; the horse has been rejected, in turn, for the pickup truck, and even that has been refined. Today many Indian hunters use four-wheel-drive vehicles equipped with CB radios.

According to myth, the Indian is a natural conservationist. It is true that Indians used a greater portion of the animals they killed than do today's hunters. They had to in the type of society in which they lived. But even then they didn't use every bit of each buffalo they killed; one band could only use so many bone ladles or buffalo hides. One buffalo provides enough meat to last an Indian—or anyone else—a full year, and yet many more than one per person were killed in a year. There were no freezers in those days, and the only practical method of food preservation in a nomadic society was drying—making jerky—and Indians preferred fresh meat to dried. Yet the number of Indians living on the plains was so low—probably fewer than 100,000—that they simply could not kill enough game with their weapons to interfere with the natural reproduction and replenishment of the herds. Estimates of the buffalo popu-

lation on the Great Plains before the advent of the white man range from 20 to 60 million. There were also herds of elk, deer and antelope—some estimates claim that there were almost as many antelope as buffalo—and the Indians hunted them, too.

Any method of killing went. Indians used bows, clubs, snares, pits and—perhaps the most deadly means of all—the buffalo jump, in which hundreds of grunting, frightened animals were stampeded over a high bluff to be killed or maimed on the ground below. I have visited such sites. Even today, after anthropologists and archaeologists have sifted the ground for decades, buffalo bones can be found deep in earth that is literally held together with curly buffalo hair.

The modern Indian is no more loath to use any method to get his meat, and as Ben and I bounced over the sagebrush after the two deer we had jumped, it did not occur to either of us that he was using an anachronistic weapon (the .30-06) or that he was degrading himself in doing so. He was just using a better weapon, and his pickup was better transportation than a horse.

There are reminders, though, of the old methods. One fall I was hunting sharp-tailed grouse with Ben, and I had just made a nice shot and was feeling rather smug about it when Ben said, "Here, kid, let me show you something." He went down into the coulee we were hunting along and broke off a thick branch, about two feet long and two inches thick, from a dead cottonwood. It was early in the fall and the young grouse were still inexperienced and not strong fliers. They would hold tightly, flushing close. We walked along the coulee with Ben's dog, George, sniffing ahead of us. The dog disappeared in a patch of buffalo berry, and suddenly a grouse flushed, perhaps 40 feet ahead. Ben drew back the stick to throw it, but the grouse was too far away. The dog crashed farther into the thicket as we moved closer. Three more grouse flushed, one within 15 feet of Ben. He brought the stick back and threw it at the bird with a sidearm motion, so that the stick spun parallel to the ground. For a moment it seemed as if he had missed, but as the stick whirled past, the grouse swerved and there was a moment almost like a sudden stoppage of time as the whirling wings and the

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whirling weapon converged. The bird fell, slowly turning, into a slope covered with wild rosebushes. The dog heard no shot and kept hunting; more grouse flew from the other side of the thicket.

Ben worked his way into the roses and picked up the grouse. "That's how the old Indians did it," he said. "If you're close enough, the bird runs into the stick, every time." He told me he had been shown the method by an older relative when he was a child, and that he had killed grouse that way during the Depression when shotgun shells were often beyond his means.

"It's too bad you weren't around when the deer were plentiful," Ben is talking through his pipe as we slowly sidestill around a patch of buffalo berry.

"When was that?"

"Oh, 10-12 years ago." He takes the pipe out of his mouth. "In those days, when we came home with one deer it was a poor trip. Sometimes we'd get eight or nine in a day."

"What happened to them?"

"Hell, there's just too many hunters around these days. And a lot of 'em spotlight now. There always used to be hunters and some of 'em spotlighted, but there's just too many damn people now and not enough deer."

Spotlighting—hunting at night with the aid of a light—is legal on the reservation, along with just about any other form of hunting. Spotlighting is the deadliest way to kill deer, or any other kind of game; it might be called the modern equivalent of the buffalo jump. Deer tend to stand and stare at a light shone into their eyes; they can be dispatched then with a small, quiet weapon such as a .22 rimfire, which is the only hunting gun many Indians own. But this method tends to make deer scarce on the reservation, and the Fort Peck tribal council recently passed a resolution outlawing spotlighting between October and July, when the does are pregnant or rearing fawns.

Spotlighting is the surest way for a

meat-hungry family to get a meal, especially in the winter when jobs are scarce and the deer tend to bunch up in the timber along the Missouri River, the southern border of the reservation, to avoid open-country winds. Ben has a saying that he uses occasionally when he kills a deer, a saying that captures the essence of the Indian attitude. He doesn't use it after every kill, just those that are particularly satisfying—perhaps a deer that he has been hunting for several days, or one that is dropped quickly with a clean shot. He says, "Soup."

Even though the influence of the hunting culture still exists on the reservation, it is slipping away from many younger members of the tribe. Most of the younger Indians hunt deer by spotlighting, which many older hunters tend to disapprove of, or they ignore deer entirely and hunt furbearers such as coyote and fox. A coyote hide in prime condition will sell for \$50 and up, a fox pelt for somewhat less. The animals don't even

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have to be skinned to be sold to the nearest fur dealer, and they are thus easily converted into cash.

Deer meat itself is disdained by many Indians for a variety of reasons. Its use connotes poverty, which Indians are still trying to escape. In some ways the Fort Peck tribes are an upwardly mobile society and many tribal members tend to emulate the dominant white society. Eating beef instead of deer is one more manifestation of success in the modern world.

Beef is also more like the traditional buffalo in that it has a higher fat content than deer. Fat is still highly prized—especially by older Indians—as it is in most

nated the meat to Western reservations.

He has hundreds of stories to tell: about the Yellowstone buffalo hunt in which a wounded buffalo bull came up behind him and a ranger, close enough to breathe on Ben's neck before the ranger turned and killed it; about his encounters with grizzly bears in the high western mountains; of all the deer, elk and antelope he has hunted over the years. And as he tells his stories it becomes evident that, just as it must have been for Indian hunters of a 100 years ago, there is something more to his wanting to hunt than that basic desire to "make meat."

Ben is one of the last of the older hunt-

places to pick rose hips and wild currants, and the bends in the river where the catfish lie. He knows he can do all this because of his kinship with and submission to the land, and because he knows the game's place, and the hunter's place within that world.

"Those deer probably either went up toward those wheat fields or into those short coulees above here," Ben says. We are standing on another ridge; in the distance we can see the Poplar River, brown and winding in the valley. Sloping beyond it, the hills rise to the reservation line 20 miles away. Ben points with his



The spotlight, illegal elsewhere, is used by younger and less talented hunters

hunting societies. Fat provides the energy needed to hunt and to survive a cold winter; even if most modern Indians work in an office or factory, the cultural connection is still there.

Ben has hunted in other ways and other places, too. Up until 20 years ago he went on week-long trips after elk and bear in the western mountains of Montana, and until three or four years ago he hunted deer and antelope during the fall hunting season in the country surrounding the reservation. He also was a skinner in one of the buffalo hunts that were held in Yellowstone Park in the 1950s, when the rangers killed excess bison and do-

ers, one of the last who really know the land they hunt on—the twisted badlands, the grassy buttes and sagebrush hills. He has learned the rhythms of the country, knows where the deer hide when hard pressed, can tell you when the jackrabbits have started to turn white in the fall before he's even seen one, and knows when the wild erocues will be pushing through the snow in the spring. He can lead his grandchildren to the thickest chokecherry patches, and can show them where the wild turnip, or the *tipsi*, grow thick and close together. He knows where the ducks gather on their way south, where the beaver make their homes along the Poplar River. And he knows the best

arm—the arm that still shows the effects of being broken in a fall from a horse 60 years ago—across the squared fields that are bordered by rugged buttes and coulees. He looks slightly incongruous standing next to the baby-blue pickup with his old, faded work clothes, the feathered face under the long-billed cap.

He doesn't speak for a while. He is thinking, planning how we should approach the area where he thinks the deer are lying. He counts to himself, pointing at the coulees that we must drive around, and says, "Yep." We are ready to go.

We circle above the little broken draws ("the short coulees") that are filled with chokecherry, buffalo berry and wild rose-

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bushes. He thinks that the two deer are in the biggest patch of brush, a spot that deer favor because they can see danger approaching from below and can escape any threat from above by running around a nearby ridge point before even the quickest hunter can get a sure shot.

Ben is aware of all this; he has jumped dozens of deer over the years from this same patch of brush. He drives up a coulee that parallels the one that he believes the deer are in, stops and gets out, and takes his gun from the rack. "Go up and come down a from above," he instructs me. I nod. We have done this before. I will drive up the coulee and walk over the ridge and down into the coulee the deer are in, while Ben walks to the ridge point that the deer use as their escape route. I slide behind the steering wheel and watch Ben as he picks his way up the slope, using his old .30-06 as a walking stick, stepping carefully around patches of prickly pear.

Driving up the coulee, I keep the truck out of sight of the brush patch that we hope the deer are lying in. Leaving the pickup, I walk over the ridge to the edge of the coulee, above the brush. The first rock falls through a thin spot in the brush and makes a dull, sodden thud as it strikes the ground. The second rock follows quickly, crashing through the branches. There is a rust-red flash in the dark green of the brush, then another, and suddenly both deer are running across the open slope toward the ridge point.

"Here they come!" I yell at Ben, but he is already standing, his rifle at his shoulder. The muzzle is pointed down and below me toward the deer, and the shot is loud and sudden. The deer in front stumbles, strides for another moment, then collapses and falls, sliding back into the brush in the bottom of the coulee. The other deer, turning, panics and bounds back down through the brush, then is gone over a ridge.

Rose thorns tear at my thighs as I push down through the brush to the deer. Ben is picking his way slowly down the other slope, leaning on his rifle. As I have farther to go, we reach the deer at the same time. It is a young buck—velvet antlers, blunt-tipped and soft. Ben reaches down with one scarred hand and closes it around an antler, lifts the deer's head and looks at me.

"Scup," he says.

END



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At least, it always has been—first in June but then nowhere when it counts

The scenario runs something like this: Cookie Rojas, the Cubs' first-base coach, strolls into the local Seno's men's wear store before the opening game of the 1978 World Series. "How many dinner jackets you got?" he asks.

The salesman proudly thrusts out his chest. "Over 400—shapes, sizes and colors for every occasion," he says. "What sort of occasion do you have in mind?"

"A ball game."

"A ball game. Very good, sir. Very appropriate. Any particular color?"

"I was thinking of something in true blue."

"True blue. Yes, charming. Of course we don't have any color with exactly that name, but we do have a dinner jacket that would match that ridiculous Cub cap you're pointing to."

"That's the ticket," says Rojas. "Deliver them to Wrigley Field."

"Them?"

"All you have. Give them to the bleacher bums. Tell them Cookie wants them looking nice for the Series. Say, you got an extra-large? Make sure you bring an extra-large for the fat guy by the foul pole."

"Fat guy by the foul pole?"

"Big fat guy. Can't miss him."

"Yes, and who's going to pay for all this?"

"The Cubs'll pay for it. We owe them this one."

No team in baseball is as beholden to its fans as the Cubs. Conversely, no fans in baseball are as patient—and forgiving—with their team. This marks the sixth time in the last 10 years that Chicago has been in first place in June, and it has nary a divisional championship to show for it. The pennant has not flown over Wrigley Field since 1945. (It also flew there in 1918, lending substance to the theory that it will require the end of World War III for the National League flag to gallantly stream at Wrigley once more.)

And while Cub fans are much too savvy—given their team's past performances—to be struck by pennant fever at such an outrageously early date, they have learned it is best to get their shouting in early, and a wave of reckless excitement is sweeping over the city with the nation's shortest memory. Attendance at Cub games has passed half a million earlier than ever, and the crowd of

45,777 on April 14 was a Wrigley Field record for a home opener. "There's not a skeptical Cub fan alive," says Lou Boudreau, one of the club's broadcasters. "Sure they've been disappointed before, but who hasn't?"

If ever there was a team capable of disappointing Chicagoans again, it would seem to be the 1978 Cubs. As a club, they are hitting less than .250. Their opponents have out-homered them, have a better earned run average and have stolen more bases. And Chicago has been shut out six times. Yet, somehow, by the end of last week the Cubs had put together a 34-25 record, good enough to lead the East Division by 2½ games.

"They're battlers," says Ken Holtzman, who is back with Chicago after three championship years in Oakland and two years in mothballs in New York. "And they're deep. We never had a team this deep," he says, using "we" to refer to the 1969-71 Cub teams of which Holtzman was a member and which always found a way to die.

Indeed, this season's offense seems to come from a different quarter every night. Larry Bunker has put together a 12-game hitting streak and he and Bill Buckner are the only Cubs hitting better than .300; Greg Gross is among the league leaders in triples; Ivan DeJesus is one of the most prolific run scorers; and Dave Kingman is high on the list of home-run hitters.

"Everyone's involved here," Holtzman says. "They reach down for the 25th man, and he might be the one to win a game for you. The old Cubs always used to lose the heartbreakers in the damndest ways. This team can win the heartbreakers. They remind me of the old Oakland A's in that way."

Chicago Manager Herman Franks is fed up with reminders of Cub collapses of the past. "Hey, why should I give a damn about what Santo and Williams and Banks did 10 years ago?" he says. "I wasn't here then. My players weren't here then. That's history."

But Franks and most of his players were there in 1977, when he managed the Cubs to a startling 8½-game lead on June 29. They hung on until the All-Star break, but after Aug. 1, the time of the season that, Rojas says, "separates the men from the boys," the Cubbies toddled in their diapers, playing 19 games

continued

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A landscape photograph of a vast, open field under a dramatic, cloudy sky. In the foreground, a dark horse is partially visible on the left. In the lower right, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are placed on the grass. The pack on the left is red and white, labeled 'Marlboro' and '100's'. The pack on the right is gold and white, labeled 'Marlboro' and '100's'. Several cigarettes are visible protruding from the top of the packs.

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below .500 and finishing the season 20 games behind the Phillies. The Santo-Banks-Williams bunch could hardly have folded more convincingly. Youngsters around Chicago are growing up thinking that the dog days of summer refer to the way the Cubs play in August.

Why might 1978 be different? "One year more experience, better pitching, and righthanded power," says Franks, who at 64 is the oldest manager in the major leagues. If it were not for the fat cigar he wraps his mouth around and the occasional smile that sneaks out of him, Herman does a nearly perfect imitation of a sea lion with belly cramps.

The new righthanded power comes from Kingman, who signed with the Cubs last fall after being peddled from the Mets to the Padres to the Angels to the Yankees in 1977—leaving 26 home runs and 143 strikeouts in his wake. In Kingman, the Cubs have their first home-run threat from the right side since Santo left in 1973. He also gives the city its first slugger with his ego in an eggshell since Richie-cull-me-Dick Allen left the White Sox in 1974. Teammates, coaches and reporters tiptoe around Kingman, hoping they will not find out what it's like to see a 6' 6" man burst into tears while armed with a bat. Asked how he feels about being with the Cubs, Kingman sat back on the bench and said, "I've had a wonderful day. I'm in a great mood. If I talk about baseball it will run it."

If Kingman were to let his bat talk for him, his interviews would be long periods of anguished silence interrupted by occasional wild-eyed screams. More than a third of his hits have been homers, but more than a third of his times at bat have resulted in strikeouts. The Cubs knew what they were getting when they signed him—before this season Kingman had whiffed 853 times in 2,657 at bats—and his run production has offset the inconsistency that is the mark of streak hitting. He leads the team with 39 RBIs, and his 14 homers are 11 more than any other member of the Cubs, whose power from the left side—in the form of Bobby Murcer—has fizzled into oblivion.

The I-hate-you-bull swings that Kingman takes lead his line-driving teammates to see him for what he is: a potential game breaker who more often than not will kill a rally. "He will hit his 30 home runs and knock in 100, but I will be on the bases many times before I come home," says leadoff man DeJesus.

one of the best—and most underrated—shortstops in baseball. During the ninth inning of a 1-0 loss to Cincinnati last week, Kangman stepped to the plate with men on first and third and one out. Not surprisingly, he fanned. Asked if he had considered pinch-hitting for his top strikeout and RBI man—which Franks has done in the past—the manager said, "If I knew then what I know now, yes, I'd have pinch-hit for him."

Such surly wisdom is vintage Franks, who only steps far enough onto the limb of predictions to say, "We will go as far as our pitching will carry us this year." With a starting four—Rick Reuschel, Ray Burris, Dave Roberts and Dennis Lamp—that entered the season with a lifetime record of 220-227, such a statement should bring helpless laughter and the retort, you're going nowhere, son.

But consistent pitching is what has loved the Cubs to the top. Reuschel, 20-10 last year, leads the league with a 2.07 ERA and is 8-4. The other starters have kept the games close enough for the strong Cub bullpen, led by Bruce Sutter, to take over. Sutter had 31 saves a year ago, throwing a "split-fingered fastball" and averaging better than a strikeout an inning, a ratio he has maintained this year. So far in '78 he has eight saves, four wins and a 1.62 ERA.

It was an injury to Sutter that precipitated the Cub fall last year. On Aug. 2, with Chicago two games in front of the Phillies, Sutter went on the 21-day disabled list. When he returned, the Cubs trailed by nine games. If there is any hope of the bleacher bums being decked out in finery come October, Sutter's arm will have to stay sound.

Holtzman, who has lived near Chicago since 1965, the year the Cubs signed him, has dressed for five World Series, as many as any other active player. However, he does not wear any of his championship rings. He keeps them locked in a vault. "But when this team gets in, you'll see me wearing that ring around," says Holtzman. "I'll be strutting."

On the off-chance that the dog days lay waste another Cub team, Chicago fans will still have the words of syndicated columnist George F. Will to console them: "In the deepest sediment of my soul, I know that the Cubs have been good for me. They have taught me the first rule of reasonable living: discern the inevitable and submit to it without tears."

Never. Never.

THE WEEK

(June 11-17)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST It is with good reason that Manager Ken Boyer of St. Louis (1-5) keeps a bottle of 1,000 aspirins in his clubhouse office. Since taking over on April 29, Boyer has watched his Cardinals lose 31 of 47 games. Moreover, Boyer, who seldom smoked, has been puffing away, possibly because he has not been able to light up the Cardinal offense. The Redbirds are batting .235, a figure rivaled only by the Cardinal teams of 1907 (.232) and 1908 (.233). Six-hit pitching by John Denny and a three-run double by George Hendrick led to a 5-3 win over Houston, the Cardinals' only victory. Aside from that it was aspirin-popping and light-up time for Boyer, as his pitchers dished out 26 walks in the next five games. Playing in Atlanta, last-place St. Louis dropped three straight to their Western Division counterparts as the Braves outscored the Cards 21-3.

Also exasperated was Manager Danny Ozark of Philadelphia (1-6). His two top sluggers—Greg Luzinski and Mike Schmidt—batted a combined .263 and had six RBIs, swinging for homers rather than singles as Ozark asked them to. What galled Ozark most was a 2-1 loss to the Giants in which Randy Moffitt fanned Schmidt and then Luzinski on seven pitches in the ninth with a runner on second. Steve Carlton accounted for the Phillies' lone triumph when he beat San Diego 5-0. To bolster their pitching staff, the Phillies traded Outfielder Jay Johnston to the Yankees for Pitcher Rawly Eastwick and scout Reliever Gene Garber to the Braves for Starter Dick Ruthven.

Meniscal (2-6) squandered some fine pitching. Steve Rogers, who has not given up more than three runs in any of his 16 starts, lost 1-0 in San Francisco and 2-1 in Los Angeles. Despite his 2.29 ERA, Rogers is 7-7, having been backed with only seven runs during his setbacks. Three hits were all the Giants got off Woodie Fryman, but they were enough to make him a 1-0 loser. Only Ross Grimsley (11-3) won, beating the Padres 3-1. Tony Perez' 2,000th career hit was overshadowed by his team's six-game losing streak.

Skip Lockwood of New York (2-5) won his seventh game in relief and Pat Zachry his eighth as a starter. A two-run single in the ninth by Lenny Randle gave Lockwood a 3-2 victory in San Diego. In their other win, the Mets took a 5-0 lead over the Giants and hung on for a 5-4 victory when Dale Murray came in from the bullpen to bail out Zachry.

Only one Eastern club—Pittsburgh (4-2)—played better than .500 ball. Rookie Ed Whitson got two saves and a win in re-

continued

left. Ed Ott batted .438, and Frank Taveras hit .385. The swift Pirates stole 15 bases, Omar Moreno, who leads the majors with 27 thefts, getting three and Phil Garner swiping four.

CHIC-34 PHIL 31-27 MONT 33-31
PIT 28-31 NY 29-36 STL 23-42

NL WEST Padre owner Ray Kroc, who has shelled out millions for players in the past two years, feels he has wound up with a lot of hamburgers. "I don't think they've got any guts or pride," Kroc says. "I don't know what they want. You give them a private team plane, a players' lounge, everything, and they're still responding like juveniles. Only four are responding—Ozzie Smith, Derrel Thomas, Randy Jones and Gaylord Perry. Don't the others aspire to some success? Don't they have some drive, some spirit?" After the Padres returned home from a 4-8 road trip that had dropped them from fourth place to fifth, Jones also sounded off. "We've got 10 guys with lousy attitudes, and I think it affects the team's overall ability," he said. That night the players held a 35-minute pregame meeting in which they eschewed one another to strive for team unity and effort. Against the Mets later in the evening, the Padres pulled out a 3-2 victory as Dave Winfield, who earlier had slugged his 10th homer, doubled across the tying run in the ninth and scored the winner on a single by Fernando Gonzalez. San Diego 14-41 then swept a doubleheader from Montreal 6-2 and 1-0. Eric Rasmussen won the opener with the help of a homer by Winfield and 2½ innings of perfect relief by John O'Acquisto. Perry (6-2) was the victor in the nightcap with a four-hitter. Winfield, who batted .406, drove in the only run in Perry's victory and had three more RBIs as Bob Ojcincho beat the Phillies 7-0.

There were no complaints about the performance of the first-place Giants (6-1), who moved 1½ games ahead of the Reds. San Francisco fans, who earlier had booed Johnnie LeMaster for his lackluster hitting, cheered his slick fielding at shortstop. Outfielder Hector (Henry) Cruz, obtained from the Cubs in a trade for pitcher Lynn McGlothen, became an instant hero. Before his first game as a Giant, Cruz was told by teammate Bill Madlock, "They're going to pinch-hit you in the bottom of the ninth, and you're going to hit a home run." With the Giants trailing the Mets 4-3 in the ninth, Cruz pinch-hit and made Madlock's premonition come true. Jack Clark ended that game with a three-run homer. That was the biggest blow of a spectacular week for Clark, who had four doubles and 19-0 homers among his eight hits and drove in 13 runs. His sixth-inning double resulted in the game's only run as Ed Halick beat Montreal 1-0 on a one-hitter.

With Johnny Bench hospitalized for a ailing back and the offense sputtering, the Reds (4-2) relied on overpowering pitching. One year and one day after he was acquired from the Mets, Tom Seaver pitched his first no-hitter. Although his fastball was not as zippy as usual, Seaver had what Pitching Coach Larry Shepard called "the best curveball I've ever seen" as he mowed down the Cardinals 4-0. Doug Bar was credited with his 10th and 11th saves, wrapping up 1-0 and 3-1 verdicts over Chicago for Fred Norman and Manny Sarmiento, respectively.

Resounding hitting by Davey Lopes (1.440), Bill Russell (1.429) and Steve Garvey (1.414) and the resurgence of reliever Charlie Hough enabled the Dodgers (6-1) to snap out of a slump. Hough's dancing knuckleball, which had been ch-ch-ching out of the strike zone since late last season, began to find the plate. Hough yielded only one hit in five innings as he waited to a win and his first two saves.

Also starting to get his act together was Joe Nickro of Houston (3-3), who pitched 6½ innings of strong relief and became a 5-4 winner over the Cubs when Bob Watson doubled home two runs in the eighth. Another eighth-inning tally, this one good for six runs, helped the Astros overcome seven errors and a 5-0 Pirate lead. Cesar Cedeno, who drove in three runs during that 6-5 victory, was later operated on for torn knee ligaments and will miss most of the rest of the season.

Bob Horner, a slugging third baseman from Arizona State who was the No. 1 pick in the free-agent draft earlier this month, slammed a 400-foot homer in his third at bat for the Braves (4-2). Phil Niekro stifled the slumping Phillies 4-0.

SF 30-22 CIN 30-25 LA 35-28
HOUS 27-32 SD 26-35 ATL 24-36

AL WEST Oakland (9-7), which began the week on top, was shut out four times as its losing streak stretched to 10 games. Five days after being selected in the free-agent draft, Mike Morgan, an 18-year-old right-hander fresh out of high school in Las Vegas, made his major league debut for the A's. Morgan gave up 10 hits, five walks and did not strike out anyone as he lost to the Orioles 3-0. In his second start, Morgan was tagged for four hits and three runs in the first inning by the Orioles before being removed because of a twisted ankle.

A 6-5 win in Kansas City left Texas just a half game out of first and seemingly poised to assume the divisional lead. But the Rangers (2-6) produced only seven runs in their next five games, all of them defeats. Then, as suddenly as the Texas boys had been stifled, they came back to life. The Rangers tying a club record with 19 hits in a 13-2 rout of the Blue Jays. That left the Rangers tied with the A's for third place. Juan Beniquez of Texas was sidelined indefinitely with a broken left hand

California (3-4) also had a splendid opportunity to take over the lead, but two shut-out losses put a temporary end to that hope. Still, the Angels clung to second place. Frank Tomina (10-3) beat the Orioles 5-1 on five hits, and California knocked off New York 10-7.

It was almost by default that Kansas City (4-3) advanced to the top of the West. After losing their first two games, the Royals moved from fourth to third behind the one-hit pitching of rookie Rich Gale, who defeated the Rangers 5-0. The only Texas hit was a triple by Al Oliver with two out in the seventh. In an attempt to keep Gale's no-hitter going, Manager Whitey Herzog had told First Baseman Pete LaCock to step away from the bag when Oliver came up. Herzog made that move because he had been assured by National League managers that Oliver, a left-handed hitter who played for the Pirates until this season, never hits the ball directly over the bag. Oliver promptly lined his hit right over first. The Royals had only two homers, both by Amos Otis, who hit one as Paul Splittorff beat the Tigers 7-1 and another as Dennis Leonard disposed of Orlotsof 7-2.

Chicago (6-1), which on May 26 was in seventh place, 12 games off the pace, was solidly entrenched in fifth, just 2½ games out. Three saves each by Jim Wootchough—who now has eight—and Lerrin LaGrew—who has seven—kept the Sox on the go. Chicago, which has won 18 of 21 games, even turned on some power for a change, overtaking the Indians 10-9 after being behind 9-0.

Much to his dismay, Rod Carew was not traded by the Twins (5-1). Geoff Zahn (7-4) won twice, stopping Toronto 7-2 and Detroit 3-1. Mike Marshall's eighth save sailed down a 2-0 win for Dave Goltz over the Blue Jays, and newcomer Darrell Jackson, a 22-year-old lefty, beat the Tigers 5-2.

The Mariners (10-7) ran their string of losses to 10, despite three apparent game-winning homers by Leon Roberts, who put Seattle in front with fence-clearing drives in the 10th inning in Baltimore, in the 10th in New York and in the eighth in Boston. Each time the Mariners went on to lose.

KC 32-28 CAL 32-31 OAK 32-32 TEX 31-31
CHI 30-31 MIN 26-35 SEA 19-47

AL EAST By extending their victory streak to nine games, the Red Sox (7-0) increased their divisional lead to seven games, which was more than the combined margins of the other three division leaders. Jim Wright's two-hitter took care of California 5-0, and Luis Tiant's four-hitter silenced Oakland 9-0. Mostly, though, it was the offense that took care of the opposition. The Sox batted .333, with Rick Burleson hitting .387, and Dwight Evans and Carl Yastrzemski drove in nine runs apiece. Five times the Red Sox slugged two homers in a

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DODGE DIPLOMAT.

game, Evans belting his 13th, 14th and 15th and Jim Rice his 20th and 21st. And when the Sox needed a plain old single, that was what they got, Carlton Fisk stroking one in the ninth to beat the Angels 10-9 and Yastrzemski getting another in the ninth to finish off the Mariners 5-4.

Clutch hitting by Roy White and Paul Blair helped New York win five of seven. For the fifth time in his career, White homered from both sides of the plate in one game as the Yankees decked the A's 5-3. In the 10th inning against Seattle, Blair swatted a three-run homer for an 11-9 win.

Baltimore (6-1) got a lift from Rich Dauer, who hit .462; Eddie Murray, who had four homers and eight RBIs, and Larry Harlow, who rapped two game-winning singles. Reliever Don Stanhouse got his 10th and 11th saves, and Shortstop Mark Belanger unofficially saved a 5-4 win over Seattle with four

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TOM BEAVER: The Cincinnati right-hander, who did not win this season until May 6, ran his record to 8-4 by pitching the first no-hitter of his career—he has had five one-hitters—in a 4-0 victory over the Cardinals.

scintillating fielding plays. The starting pitchers were also superb as the Breds' winning streak reached 13 and 17 of 19. Two shutouts were pitched against the A's, Scott McGrege winning 3-0 and Dennis Martinez 6-0. Mike Flanagan (10-4) beat Seattle 3-2 and Oakland 5-4. A 5-2 victory over California gave Jim Palmer a 9-4 record and a 1.86 ERA.

Milwaukee (8-0) bumped Detroit out of fourth and ran its victory streak to 10 with longball hitting and strong relief. Gorman Thomas' nine RBIs raised his total to 41 and his five homers gave him 16. Twice the Brewers won in the last inning on home runs, Robin Yount delivering one in the ninth to beat Toronto 5-4 and Sal Bando another in the 12th to defeat Cleveland 4-3. Milwaukee got strong performances in relief from Bill Costello, who won two games and saved another.

Tenth-inning wins at the week's start provided the only good news for Detroit (1-6) and Cleveland (1-5). Rusty Staub's three-run homer gave the Tigers a 5-2 win over the Royals. Buddy Bell's triple and a single by Ted Cox pushed the Indians past the Twins 2-1.

Two straight doubleheader losses to Minnesota and Milwaukee left Toronto (2-7) winless in five twin bills this season. That unenviable string—and a nine-game losing streak—ended when the Blue Jays swept a doubleheader from the Rangers 8-3 and 5-2. Roy Howell, who had four hits that day, batted .471 for the week.

BOX 45-19 NY 37-25 BAL 37-26 MIL 36-26
DET 31-30 CLEV 26-33 TOR 21-41



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Rumors had persisted since January that something was wrong—indeed quite wrong—with Speedy Somoli, the 3-year-old trotter who was sold last year for \$2 million. That is the most ever paid for any 2-year-old, standardbred or thoroughbred. A figure like that guarantees close attention, with plenty of tongues wagging, clucking and speculating. Why was Speedy not at the races this spring? Was he hurt? Did he have a mystery bug? Or had he simply decided he would prefer a less strenuous life pulling Amish buggies in Pennsylvania? The buyer, New York horse speculator Alan Leavitt, had gambled a ton that Speedy would have a glorious 1978, thus making him worth millions more as a stallion. Was Leavitt's dream about to collapse?

Concern about Speedy heightened when May began slapping by and he still hadn't started. Finally on May 31, the colt showed up for a non-betting, qualifying race in Lexington, Ky., broke stride at the start and finished in 2:05½, hardly worthy of a millionaire twice over. Then Speedy disappeared again for a few more weeks while the colt that was expected to be his chief rival—the also well-bred and expensive Brisco Hanover—was racing well and getting into condition for the summer's big events.

Harness fans were understandably anxious because Speedy and Brisco had some ding-dong races in 1977. The best occurred at DuQuoin, Ill., in September, when Speedy went a world record 1:57½ in the first heat of a race, and about an hour later, Brisco went 1:57 in the second heat. Last year, Speedy won 10 times in 16 tries; Brisco won 8 of 16.

But for all the chatter and all the speculation about Speedy, it appears things may have been just as his trainer-driver Howard Beissinger kept insisting: "Nothing is wrong," he said.

Last week Speedy made his first of-

The missing millionaire finally showed up at Wolverine, had an excellent race, but couldn't double his pleasure



Speedy Somoli got his challenge from an outsider, not from his toughest rival

Doublemint gums up the works

Official start of the year at Wolverine Raceway near Detroit in the \$43,249 Matron Stakes against Brisco and 12 other horses—and showed that his price tag was not a misprint. Leaving from the second tier, Speedy fought traffic the entire mile, never got to the rail, but finished an explosive and impressive second in 2:00. Brisco, meanwhile, had one of those nights, coming in last 22½ lengths back. The winner, in a track-record 1:59½, was Doublemint, a colt so woeful early last year that trainer Billy Haughton was within a few days of giving up on him as a racehorse. Even now few are speaking of Doublemint in the same breath as Speedy and Brisco.

Bettors were suspicious of Speedy's inactivity, sending him off at 9-to-1, insulating numbers for the winter-book

choice to win the Hambletonian. Such odds will not be seen again this year unless Speedy shows up at the gate with a leg in a cast.

Beissinger admits that in late January, Speedy did pop a splint. This is a common ailment in young horses, in which a hard calcium deposit forms on a bone, causing soreness. Thus, February was a lost month for training. Then, says Beissinger, Speedy was further slowed when Beissinger moved his stable to Lexington on May 1, and the colt's training was hampered by rain. So nothing else was wrong with Speedy? "Nope. Besides, what makes anybody think I wanted him ready earlier?" Beissinger asks.

Beissinger, who has trained and driven two Hambletonian winners—Lindy's Pride in 1969 and Speedy Crown in 1971—knows the road to the Hambo. And he is certain he has the transportation in Speedy Somoli. Further, winning in May is no substitute for losing in September. How good is this colt, compared with his two Hambletonian victors? Says Beissinger, "Slightly better." He admits the pressure of dealing with a two-million-dollar colt is bothersome but says, "I'm not going to let any horse drive me crazy."

If any horse drove anybody crazy at Wolverine, it was Brisco Hanover. Before the race, his trainer-driver, Jim Miller, was beaming: "Brisco is like a brand-new Cadillac," he said. "Everything runs smooth." But apparently it wasn't quite that simple. When the horse was loaded onto a plane in New York earlier in the week to fly to Detroit, one of his hind legs slipped out of his shipping stall. According to a groom, the leg went down about two feet. Brisco was unnerved if apparently uninjured. But after his performance at Wolverine, his handlers wondered if the mishap might have had more effect than they had believed.

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IT'S MORE FUN TO TAKE THE BUS.

tion and real estate man from Ottawa, Canada who says he's a "sewer rat" because of his work involving installation of water mains. Barr got to Wolverine just in time to watch Brisco go down the drain. "He floundered and flailed the entire mile," Miller said. "He could never dig in. It's like he was on ice."

It was clear from the moment the gate swung out of the way that there would be no Speedy-Brisco duel this time. The first hint came when lightly regarded Town Gesture, starting at post position No. 8, trotted right out to the lead. Brisco, No. 10 at the post, trotted right out to be 10th, where he stayed for the first three-quarters of a mile. Speedy wasn't lighting up the skies himself, but he was going evenly, had moved into better racing position, and by the three-quarter pole was seventh.

Doublemint, driven by Peter Haughton, went off at 9-to-2, but the odds were misleading. Although the colt had two wins in three outings this year, the two-tors also liked the legendary Haughton

name and the fact that they could wind up with a two-horse Haughton Stable entry (Count's Pride, which finished third, was the other half). After having been forced at least six-wide in the first turn and parked way outside the rail until almost the half, Haughton was not having a happy evening. But conditions improved and Doublemint opened up about an eight-length lead around the final turn before any of the other drivers realized what was happening. At the head of the stretch, Brisco broke stride, which put a final dent in his evening. But Speedy rolled on, finishing second by a length and a half after having been fifth at the head of the stretch.

Afterward, Peter Haughton chortled about Doublemint's problems in 1977. "He couldn't even trot a mile downhill in four minutes. All he could do was cross his legs and try to fall down. He was a dud." The colt's owner, John Lavezzo, co-owner of P. J. Clarke's, one of Manhattan's most celebrated saloons, nodded in agreement. Lavezzo, who seems to

own two suits—one old, the other older—got into harness racing in the late '50s when he told a man to buy him a horse for \$5,000, figuring it likely would turn out to cost \$7,000. Instead the buyer only spent \$3,000. Says Lavezzo, "I thought, 'This is quite a sport. I'm already \$2,000 ahead.'"

He may be substantially more ahead if Doublemint is not a fluke. "This is a fascinating game," Lavezzo said after the race. "If your heart can take it." For his part, Brisco's owner, Barr, was exhibiting a stiff upper lip. "Just think how much fun we're going to have later this year," he said.

And back at Speedy's barn the morning after, assistant trainer Osvaldo Formica was laughing at his horse. "You just think you're great, don't you?" he said. "Well, we'll see." Relaxing nearby, Brisco's owner, Barr, was exhibiting a stiff upper lip. "Just think how much fun we're going to have later this year," he said.

END

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Cannell works through New England defenders in a 2-1 Dips victory in which he scored, assisted

Ambassador of ill will

Washington's Paul Cannell may be a Diplomat but he's not very tactful on the field and has been sat down once by the league for piling up too many penalty points

Paul Cannell, the high-scoring center forward of the NASL's Washington Diplomats, strode into the locker room before a recent game against Vancouver with a monstrous black cowboy hat over his dark locks. "This is so you can tell the good guys from the bad guys even if you don't speak English," he shouted gleefully at his multinational, polyglot teammates.

For the 24-year-old Englishman, wearing a black hat is like carrying coals to Newcastle, where, in fact, he grew up, the son of a butcher, and where he played First Division soccer before coming to Washington. Cannell is recognized by teammates and opponents alike as the roughest player in the league. He also ranks seventh in scoring in the NASL and is one of the game's more outspoken characters.

Cannell made a forcible impression early in 1976, his first season with the Dips, by colliding so violently with Cosmos Goatsie Bob Rigby that Rigby was sidelined for the season with a broken

collarbone. Cannell also scored 13 goals and two assists that year.

Contract troubles kept him at Newcastle United last season, but Cannell came back this year, having been purchased outright by the Dips. He picked up where he left off, reinstalling himself as the darling of the Washington fans and unnerving keepers with elbows, hips, head and body. Cannell is the first player this season to be suspended by the league for a game, a result of acquiring 20 penalty points. Depending on the severity of the infraction, one to five points are assessed for each yellow warning card given a player. It seems certain that Cannell will amass 30 points before long and thus be set down for two more games; he might even reach 40, meaning he would miss three additional contests.

The Dips' coach, fellow Englishman Gordon Bradley, is concerned about this prospect. "Paul missed three games with a bad shin, then the penalty game," he says. "With a possible five more games he could be out, we'll hurt. He's the

key of our attack. I hope he stops it."

After opening the season with an 8-2 record, the Dips lost six straight before beating New England 2-1 last Wednesday night in a game in which Cannell had a goal and an assist. Even with their slump, which is attributable in part to the four games Cannell missed, the Dips are still in second in the Eastern Division of the National Conference, behind the 14-2 Cosmos.

Cannell, who is a well-mannered, jovial man off the field, recently stood at the sideline during practice, balancing a cup of Gatorade on his head. "I love a rough game, that's me game all the way," he said. "That an' scorin' goals. I like to stir up the broth, make things happen."

Team president Stephen Danzansky, who was watching Cannell's balancing act, tried to explain what made Cannell one of the biggest flakes outside of Battle Creek. "Paul's not an evil flake—he's, uh, an, an exuberant flake," he said. "He's not a media flake either, he's a real one. He's not a great flake yet like Rodney Marsh [Tampa Bay] or George Best [Los Angeles]. But I'm sure he'll get there."

Whatever brand of flake he is, Cannell is a tough competitor. His card-drawing fouls are not cheap shots—cutting down bland-sided defenders or stepping on downed players. It is his excellence around the goal that gets Cannell into trouble. When his team is on the attack, he lurks in the penalty area in front of the goalkeeper, pacing and trotting, drawing a defender or two with him—he's often double marked—poised to run in and leap high in the air to head in a goal from a centering pass or a corner kick. This leads to collisions with goalkeepers coming out to grab the ball.

"He's just amazing in the air," marvels Bradley. "He can even deflect a shot with his head to the foot of a waiting teammate."

The trouble is that Cannell's "timing" is often far enough off to make referees wonder why he's doing a José Greco on the keeper while play has gone elsewhere—and out come the yellow cards.

After scoring two solid goals in the Dips' season opener with the Fury in Philadelphia, Cannell was ejected from

continued

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Taste.

the game for pile-driving Fury Keeper Jim Miller all the way to the back of the net while the ball was somewhere upfield. As he walked off, Cannell gave the Philly fans a "Why me?" gesture with outspread arms, like an old-time TV wrestling villain. I sent the crowd into a howling rage. "I like to work the out-of-town crowds," says Cannell. "There's too many heroes in the game. The fans deserve someone to hate, don't you know?"

Cannell often draws foals from defenders because they get irritated at his antics. When he's awarded a penalty shot out of town, he runs along the sidelines like a berserk cheerleader, whipping the fans into a frenzy of hatred, and beaming all the while like a spoiled child.

Protesting a yellow card in a home game against Tulsa, Cannell walked disgustedly away from the referee and then almost shyly slipped down his shorts, revealing black underpants and getting an ovation for his dark-side-of-the-moon shot.

"I sort of decided to do it before the game, that's why I wore me knickers," he says. "Otherwise you'd just wear a jock underneath."

European soccer pundits, who criticize the American game, claim it's staffed by foreign stars who are relaxing on their summer vacations and reserve their talents for the winter season, the real season in Europe. Cannell, who gets more than \$35,000 a year from the Dips—far above English standards—doesn't entirely disagree. "When I came in '76 it was a lark," he says. "I wanted to see the States, drink it up and see the girls, and get the money. The game was bloody awful. But it's improving here, and I found that, like in England, I wanted to win. I care a great deal about that. That's why I get so many penalties. I work."

"He's my kind of player," says Bradley. "He's got a big heart and total devotion to the game. And he's got a very high work rate. But on the field he becomes someone else. It's something he doesn't understand, and I don't either."

At times Cannell reminds one of a boy brought up in a strict, religious family who goes away to school and discovers atheism. "In England soccer is a religion," he says. "People live and die by their football sides and the pools. There's photographers crawling into your bedroom, people making speeches. It's serious public business."

"I could never pull down me pants in

the F.A. Cup at Wembley. There'd be a bloody riot, and I'd never play again, probably. And besides, it wouldn't be fair to those working people who live for the game, would it?"

"But here, ah—soccer is entertainment. It's Hollywood and the telly. It's, like, I can indulge me fantasies. I can do all the wild things I've dreamed of, and the crowds eat it up."

"I like it both ways, though. I like the serious game in England, all perfect in the rain and the cold. And then I like to come over here and just go nuts in the sunshine."

When he was first approached to play professionally in Newcastle, Cannell was studying law. "I'll have to finish it," he says with a laugh. "I've a disco in England, the Magpie, an' I'm always being sued for something, paying barristers a bloody fortune."

And Cannell still enjoys the night life. "My apartment is a straight drive from Tramps [a glittery Georgetown disco]," he says. "No curves or turns to confuse me after an evening with Mr. Johnnie Walker." One of the few times the fast-quipping Cannell has been speechless in America occurred when he tried to date a pretty blonde in Tramps. "There were these two great hulking lads in sunglasses with her," he says, "and it was a challenge. I got her address and phone number. It was Susan Ford, the President's daughter. Like the bloody Princess or somethin'."

Cannell meets challenges in a different manner on the pitch. After a recent game against him, Phil Parkes, an English keeper with Vancouver who was dramatically decked by Cannell, nursed a swollen ankle with an ice bag and said, "Paul's not unusual back in England. Forwards are supposed to be rough. And with him, you know he's going to hit you early on. He never fails. You just wait for your chance and get him back."

"I like to say hello to a keeper early in the game," says Cannell. "Then their eyes are moving around, and maybe they'll miss a shot. The English keepers know how to care for themselves, they come up with the knee, or their head in your chin, but the Americans are still shaky. They need toughening."

One reason for Cannell's unflagging aggressiveness is hypnosis. Not watered-down Zen or Positive Thinking, but the real thing. "Four years ago I met a Swedish hypnotist in Spain on holiday," he

says. "Believe it or not, I was having problems with self-confidence." Cannell does a half-hour routine before games, curling up in a corner of the locker room with his arms over his head. "When I come out on the field, I can run through a brick wall," he says. "Most goalkeepers aren't that tough."

Perhaps hypnosis works too well sometimes. In a game against Fort Lauderdale, in which the Dips were leading 4-1, Cannell took the ball at midfield and began running toward his own goal. Opponents chased him, thinking he was running for room to turn and maneuver. But he kept on going, galloping triumphantly, madly toward his own goal. Dips Keeper Bill Irwin smiled uncertainly. And the fans hushed when Cannell broke in one-on-one against his own goal.

"I don't know what I was thinking," he says. "We were up three and I just did it." Perhaps it was the final fantasy of self-confidence, of pulling off the unthinkable by scoring for one's opponent. Or maybe the ultimate rule to break.

Whatever it was, Cannell finally couldn't do it, and he tapped the ball lightly to his openmouthed keeper. "The training runs too deep," says Cannell. "The ball simply must not go over your line."

END



With a knack for japey, Cannell shows knickers



Hansen, who says scullers have short teeth from grinding them in races, chewed up the opposition

Grand Slam at Seattle

Lisa Hansen took home four gold medals at the women's nationals on Green Lake

Last week on Seattle's Green Lake, more than 600 athletes gathered for the 13th annual Women's National Rowing Championships. They came from 58 clubs and schools to row with sweep oars and sculls, in singles, doubles, fours and eights. It was the largest women's nationals to date, and with good reason. In 1975 the U.S. women's eight won a silver medal at the world games in Nottingham, England; no U.S. women had ever even placed in this competition. And when Joan Lind won a silver medal in the single sculls at the Montreal Olympics it further inspired her sisters across the land. Now Green Lake was all but awash with world-class oarswomen, most notably in the single sculls, those tiny graceful boats, so frail and silent aloft, an unlikely blend of power and delicacy and always, it seems, about to tip over.

Lind, who won the singles in the last

two nationals, was taking a year off from competition, and everyone at Seattle was wondering who her successor would be. Lisa Hansen of Lind's Long Beach Rowing Association was ready; only 23, she was runner-up in three of the last four nationals, and she had rowed in a quad—a four-sculler boat—in Montreal, had won bronze medals in a double scull at last summer's world games in Amsterdam and the three-mile sculling event at last fall's Head of the Charles Regatta in Cambridge, Mass.

At Seattle Hansen became involved in her second favorite sport—eating. In her Long Beach home is a poster that reads IF YOU DON'T CHEW YOUR FOOD, SOMEBODY ELSE WILL. It was given to her by her former Long Beach coach, Tom McKibbin. While having dinner with her, he decided to finish his meal as fast as he could. He didn't tell her what he was doing. He came in second. One day last week, between inhalations of enchiladas and crepes with whipped cream and peaches Hansen spoke of a book she was reading, *Small Is Beautiful*, a seemingly perfect title for a single sculler. "And what is your favorite Scotch?" a friend asked, lampooning the Dewar's ad. Hansen only grinned, a grin that would grow neon-bright as the weekend waned. "And your favorite quote?"

"There's no easy way," she said. "In inference to what?"

"To life," she said. "There's no easy way to do anything worthwhile, and if you find one you're probably not doing it right. It certainly applies to sculling. I've worked awfully hard in the years I've been doing it." Then she added in lighter vein, "But I never think of how I'm rowing, just how I look."

"I can tell you how," said her sometime coxswain and friend, Irene Moreno. "How?" Hansen said. "Vibrant and exciting," Moreno said, "persistent and deliberate... and racy."

"Was that rehearsed?" Moreno was asked. "Absolutely not," she said. "Some people are weak at 500 meters, and some in the finishing sprint, but Lisa has everything—a big surge at the start, a good strong stroke and concentration that never wavers."

At Green Lake, Hansen's concentration was on her competition, mainly 23-year-old Anne Warner, and on teeth. "We have this thing about teeth," Hansen said. "The shorter they are, the faster you can go, because when you go fast you grind them down." A friend asked, "Have you seen Annie's teeth? They're about this long," and she held two fingers about an eighth of an inch apart.

Warner's teeth, it turned out, were of normal length. She just displayed them a lot less than Hansen and her Long Beach friends, keeping to herself more, preferring the company of her little boat.

In the fall of her sophomore year at Yale, after only a year at the sport, Warner told her coach, "Rowing is what I want." Soon she was stroke of the Yale women's eight. The next summer she made the national team and was on the boat that won the silver medal at Nottingham. That fall, after sculling only a year, she finished second on the Head of the Charles three-mile course, and last fall she won, "In a race like that," she said at Seattle, "it's a matter of who can stand things the longest, and I can stand things longer than anyone I know." It was talk like that and rumors that Warner was eating nails for breakfast that had Hansen and the 20 other single scullers on edge.

Hansen won her elimination heat on Thursday, advancing to the semifinals. Warner, second in the same heat, would have to survive the repechage. It had been the first run of her sculling career

continued

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down a 1,000-meter regulation course, however, and that fact was lost on no one. That afternoon, after Warner won her heat of the 400-meter open dash, Hansen said, "Did you see Anne's heat? She raced almost to the dock." "Why?" someone asked. "She's just intense," Hansen said. "Oh, I think it's all show," said a male coach. But later Warner said, "I didn't know the dock was so close. I thought I could get in 30 more strokes. People thought it was show, but I was just being relentless, just going about my business. Quietly."

That was the word. The other competitors soaked up sun between heats, but Warner, who had won her sculling repêchage, knelt in the shadows with her boat, saying, "In the last day and a half I learned more about rigging than in the previous two years. I've increased my leverage with a simple adjustment of the oars, and..." "And what?" "That's all I'm saying," she said with a half, non-toothy smile, as she got ready for her semifinal sculling heat.

Now, far down the course, the skulls were barely visible, notes of rhythmical movement. The flimsy shells, as always, were a treat to the eye, and the mind, too. Said an athletic young observer who had sat in a scull at the boathouse, "I held on to the dock, but even then I felt that if I had a nickel in one pocket and

not in the other I would have gone over. I was terrified of letting go."

Only one short stretch of shore gave a clear view of the finish, and all weekend, people who had stood elsewhere would rush to the dock and ask, "Did you win?" only to hear, "I don't know, did I?" The scullers, concentrating on the business at hand, did little glancing around during races and had trouble keeping in their lanes, which were poorly marked.

Warner kept drifting to one side, her strength uneven from racing port in her Yale eight. But she won her semifinal of the 1,000 in 3:54.19, admitting at the dock, "I was hurting, but that's O.K."

Then Hansen won her semi in 4:03.85 and confessed to her coach, John Van Blom, "I didn't row as hard as you wanted me to." He said, "As long as you're ready tomorrow," and she replied, "Sometimes when you don't row your hardest you forget what it's like." Everyone knew that semifinal times meant nothing, but it seemed a strange thing to say.

Earlier, Hansen had been talking about rowing and of how it was the first sport she had tried in which she didn't trip over her legs. "People laugh at me," she said. "I don't always stumble, though I'm not very fast." But great drive does not always express itself directly, in words or manner, as does Anne Warner's.

As St. Exupéry's Little Prince said, "What is essential is invisible to the eye." And inaudible to the ear. Clearly that was something to keep in mind as the sculling showdown drew near.

What the crowd at Green Lake needed for Friday's singles finals was the Goodyear blimp from which to watch the race. What it had was an announcer with a stroke watch, peering through binoculars and shouting, "Warner starts at 39 strokes per minute, Hills out at 41½. Hansen at 38½." There was no real description of the race. The angle of view, even with binoculars, made that impossible. At about 750 meters Hansen seemed to be ahead, with Warner gaining. And that is how it ended, Hansen 1½ and two lengths in front, her time 3:48.32, the national championship hers at last. Liz Hills, her sculling mate in the doubles at Amsterdam, was third. Hansen said to Warner, "You're going to give me a lot of trouble next year." and Warner replied, "I have a feeling you're right." She was still not interested in discussing her rigging.

An hour and 20 minutes later, Hansen and Warner met again, in the open quad event, four scullers and a coxswain in each boat. Hansen's Long Beach crew had been together in various combinations for three years. She was at stroke and Liz Hills at bow. Irene Moreno was coxswain, Claudia Schneider, from the Nottingham silver-medal eight, was at No. 2 oar, and Debbie Rozowski, a spare at Montreal, was at No. 3. Anne Warner's crew had never rowed together before, but still it made a close race, losing by 3.39 seconds, Rozowski said. "My teeth hurt," and there was more grinding to come for Hansen and Warner.

In the morning Hansen, with Hills, won the open doubles. Forty minutes later, behind in the open dash finals with only 50 meters to go, Hansen surged ahead to win her fourth race of the weekend. She was followed .65 seconds later by Warner. Hansen called her four gold medals "The Grand Slam of Heavyweight Women's Sculling," and Warner, when asked what she had learned this day, replied, "That I needed 10 more strokes." The day's last race, the open eight, was won by British Columbia's Burnaby Lake Club.

As the boats were being packed for shipment, Lisa Hansen's smile was brighter than ever, and so, it seemed, was her future in rowing.



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I like to go fast," said Roger Williams. "No matter what I'm in, I like to go fast."

What he was going fast in on a recent Sunday morning was an expensive little vehicle called a skatecar, an aerodynamically sound silver dart that carried him from obscurity into *The Guinness Book of World Records*.

Wearing a helmet and a leather suit, he stretched his 5'6" out prone on a 9'11" skateboard, his arms fully extended in front of him so that his hands were near the brakes and the devices to pop loose the nylon parachute folded up by his boots. His associates had encapsulated him in a needle-nosed, fiber glass fairing with a Plexiglas windshield. Using carefully rehearsed steps and a balanced push, two aides got the car to the brink of a steep hill and sent it plummeting down, a blur rocketing through a speed trap at a world-record 59.92 mph.

The event was Round 1 of the California FreeFormer World Skateboard Speed Championships (Round 2 will be held July 1-2 at Derby Downs, Akron, Ohio). The site was Hill Street in Signal Hill, Calif., a town completely surrounded by the city of Long Beach and floating atop a huge lake of oil. The 600-yard course begins with a gradual slope and then abruptly steepens. With oil rigs bobbing up and down in the fields on either side of the "track," the championships had all the umbrae of a picnic in a gas station. There were no bleachers, but there was also no admission charge, so approximately 5,000 people showed up to bask in the sunshine, drink beer atop their RVs and watch the competition—not to mention dodging flying parts and skateboarders.

Williams, 28, representing Hobie Skateboards, won the modified division. John Hutson, 24, a professional rider for Santa Cruz Skateboards, won the stand-up division (from a crouch) with a speed of 53.45 mph. The women's open division was won by Tina Trevelthen (57.69 mph), whose FreeFormer skatecar went out of control at the end of the second of her two runs, veered into the unprotected crowd and crashed. Trevelthen suffered a broken rib, and several onlookers had to be treated at a local hospital for contusions and lacerations.

Downhill all the way

Risking everybody's neck, contestants in the world speed championship in Signal Hill, Calif. almost hit a mile a minute—and they did hit several spectators

The sponsor of the event, FreeFormer Skateboards, had put up chain-link fencing along both sides of the steep part of Hill Street, but not along the lower section, where skatecar riders were wobbling, fishtailing and curcneering, despite brakes and chutes. All that separated the skatecars from the first row of gaping spectators was a curb and a thin yellow rope. A spokesman for FreeFormer said plenty of fencing had been ordered, but the city of Signal Hill, for some reason, had refused to allow any of it to be put up along the lower end of the course.

FreeFormer, which turns out 25,000 boards a day at its Torrance, Calif., plant and claims to sell more than any other company in the world, had five skatecars entered. The cars, which cost up to \$3,000—as much as \$1,000 for the paint job—have no steering devices and are maneuvered by the driver shifting his

weight. They are not commercially available, being extremely hazardous and illegal on public thoroughfares.

Two of the FreeFormer cars, Trevelthen's and one ridden by Mark Bowden, crashed at the bottom of the hill. "Stand-up is so much safer," said Bowden, limping back from the hospital, where he had gone for precautionary X rays. "The cars are just too dangerous."

"I'm against 'em," said stand-up champion Hutson. "They shouldn't be part of skateboarding."

Williams' car, which broke the record of 57.3 mph set at Signal Hill last year, had been exhaustively prepared by the driver and his fellow designers, Tom and John West and Dennis Pappas. "We tested the brakes, wheels and bearings and we photographed it all with movie cameras," he said. "We also filmed our pushers. That was the best thing about taking

continued



Lying prone in this skatecar, Roger Williams shot down Hill Street at a world-record 59.92 mph



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SKATEBOARDING *continued*

movies—the pushers learned a lot. They had to get their timing down. If they didn't, one would push a little bit harder than the other and set me off at an angle right off the bat.

"The only time I'm nervous is when they get me in the car and then say, 'Wait,' then, 'Get out, we got a delay,' then, 'Get back in.' That kind of stuff gets me on edge. Otherwise I just can't wait to get down the hill. I look about 20 feet out in front of me, trying to keep the line I set until I hit the triplines, and then I start working on my brakes."

For winning his division, Williams got a trophy and \$1,000, which he split with his crew. Hutson also got a trophy and \$1,000. He competed aboard the lightest skateboard in the contest—6½ pounds, 36" long, made mostly of aluminum—and wearing \$350 leathers that were in fact partly nylon and had the lining ripped out. This was to make them more flexible and to allow him to get down into a tighter tuck than he could have normally.

"What I was thinking about was getting off to a really fast start," Hutson said. "In fact, I was up against the rear rope, pushing back about three or four more feet. I wanted to get the utmost out of my start and get into my tuck as soon as possible."

"Once I was into it, I was up to maybe 35 or 40 mph. I hit the drop and, I guess because I was pretty much faster than most of the riders, the crowd started hooting and hollering."

"I was aware of the enthusiasm, but my eyes were just focused straight ahead on the pavement. I was keyed on my line. There was a line on the pavement that I'd picked out the day before, and that's the only thing I saw." Amazingly, Hutson had exactly the same clocking for both runs.

For the stand-up riders, there was no need for brakes or parachutes at the bottom of Hill Street. Said Hutson, "You just rub up. It's like putting the brakes on a car."

Of course, Tina Trevethen (who is also a hang-gliding champion) was enclosed by her skater's faring and couldn't raise up when her parachute failed to open. But she did win the \$1,000 women's prize and trophy, as she was doubtless pleased to learn after she emerged from surgery.

END



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WE BROUGHT IT BACK ALIVE.







HE DID IT HIS WAY

Bill France made stock-car racing a huge success by building speedways in swamps, keeping corporations guessing and unions at bay. Here is the man who brought you Richard Petty and bumper-to-bumper competition

BY BROCK YATES

CONTINUED

BILL FRANCE

continued

As with pets that assume the personalities of their owners, boats often mirror the outlook of their skippers. That may explain what this 57-foot trawler is doing at Walker Cay, an exclusive sport-fishing retreat in the Bahamas. *Little Kaye* is a sturdy functional craft without any of the teak, mahogany, and brightwork common to more frivolous vessels of its size and value. But like the other boats bobbing at their moorings, *Little Kaye* is loaded with sophisticated navigational and deep-sea sport-fishing gear. She is intended for practical duty. So is her owner, H.C. William Henry Getty France, certainly the most powerful man in motor sports in this country, perhaps in the world.

Now searing down after three decades, hammering into lusty vitality a sport called Grand National stock-car racing, France is a man of undetermined but substantial wealth. Nevertheless, during frequent sun-baked weeks he now spends in the Bahamas away from his unimposing office in Daytona International Speedway, the 2½-mile track he built at Day-

tona Beach, Fla., France refuses to be completely idle. He has a commercial fishing license and does not hide the fact that he "sells a few catches from time to time." After a day out on the water, France will often entertain his guests—on occasion European noblemen, Middle Eastern royalty or one of the innumerable captains of American industry he counts among his friends—by strumming on bakulek. It is appropriate that France's favorite song is *My Way*.

Few people have ever had more success doggedly following their own lead. If this patrifamilias of stock-car racing had chosen to remain a Daytona service-station operator and part-time race driver, he would not have been able to accomplish the following:

- Almost singlehandedly create NASCAR (National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing) from cliques of contentious jealous suspicious greedy, shortsighted, hayseed, dirt-track jalopy jockeys and promoters and make it the most tight-knit, prosperous racing organization in the world. This year an es-

timated 1.5 million spectators will pay up to \$40 a seat to watch Grand National drivers compete for about \$4.5 million in prize money at 16 NASCAR tracks.

- Build Daytona International Speedway, a daringly designed venue of steeply pitched macadam that in less than 20 years has grown to rival older tracks like Indianapolis and Le Mans in prestige and profitability. Each February it draws an estimated 500,000 fans to the northern Florida resort for Speed Weeks, an extravaganza that begins with a 24-hour race for road-racing machines and ends with the Daytona 500. Then in March another 50,000 motor-sports enthusiasts fill up motels more than 20 miles away for Cycle Week. And on July 4th, the recently expanded grandstand at Daytona will be full again as the stock cars return for the 20th running of the Firecracker 400.

- Be the force behind ACCLS (Automobile Competition Committee of the United States) serve as the American link to international motor sports.

- Successfully resist the intense pressure

Faced with a drivers' revolt at Talladega, France wriggled into a race car and cut off the quick legs to prove his new track was safe.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DONIS LUZAK

applied by Ford, Chrysler, Goodyear and Firestone when they attempted to dominate NASCAR for advertising and marketing purposes during the late 1960s.

- Carve out—in what some critics describe as an act of bullheaded perversity—Alabama International Speedway, the world's largest and fastest racetrack, in the remote town of Talladega and through sheer head-knocking willfulness make it a success.

- Patently bring into prominence his own superstars—notably Richard Petty, Cale Yarborough, Bobby Allison, David Pearson—and never become beholden to the Indianapolis contingent or the European Grand Prix heavyweights, or to driver associations or even personal agents who wield so much power in other sports.

- Maintain substantial influence in other race-sanctioning organizations, such as the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA) and the International Motor Sports Association (IMSA).

As an example of France's clout—not to mention the dangers of provoking his ire—he helped to organize IMSA as a rival to the Sports Car Club of America when that organization abruptly removed its biggest annual amateur race from Daytona Speedway. Thanks to cigarette company sponsorship that France had been instrumental in arranging, IMSA currently threatens to replace the SCCA as the most successful American professional road-racing organization.

Having accomplished most of this in 30 hectic years, Bill France is trying to put the brakes on. In 1972 he turned the leadership of NASCAR over to his eldest son, William Clifton—who is called Bill Jr., although he is not his father's namesake. France stoutly maintains that he is not involved in NASCAR anymore, but, says an insider, "Don't you believe it. When the big issues get down to push and shove, the old man is still there." France claims that although he serves as president and board chairman of the International Speedway Corporation, which operates the tracks at Talladega and Daytona, his most significant daily activity is driving his black-and-silver Pontiac



As he gears down from racing, "Big D" spends more—but certainly not all—of his time fishing

sedan between his large but unpretentious home on the Intracoastal Waterway to his office in the two-story administration building adjacent to the Daytona Speedway's fourth turn.

At 68 France remains an imposing figure. Trimmed down from his 250-pound tubbiness of a few years ago, he now carries his 6'5" frame in the confident, slightly stooped manner really big men develop after decades of ducking doorways but not insults. His thick shock of hair is graying, and his face, dominated

by a prominent, almost defiant jaw, is furrowed with wrinkles. He has been described as "Lincolnesque" in practically every story written about him, and there is no question that, despite his soft, Tidewater drawl and courtly manner, he is a dominant and compelling presence whenever he chooses to be.

As with many self-made men, France is brimful of contrasts. He can be awesomely egotistic, as when he refers to country music star Marty Robbins—who occasionally has competed in NASCAR

continued

BILL FRANCE

CONTINUED

races—as one of “my” drivers. Yet he is generally an open, accessible man, who has his home phone listed in the Ormond Beach directory and mingles easily with race fans. He is preoccupied with the future and has little interest in the past. Discoases on the “good old days” inevitably shift into discussions dealing with contemporary issues. While it is admirable that a man of his years and accomplishments does not dwell on past glories, it also means that he has not seen fit to finance a museum in Daytona (in contrast to his rivals at Indianapolis), or even to spend the money to restore *Bluebird*, the immense car in which Sir Malcolm Campbell set his land speed records. France owns *Bluebird*, but has let it moulder in a Daytona Beach moving-company warehouse.

He has not avoided publicity, but neither has he gone to great lengths in search of it. He keeps no files on his achievements, his press clippings are scattered and incomplete, and his office walls are bare of “Me and Frank Sinatra at the Doral” buddy shots. In fact, a recent surge of publicity about himself made the walls rattle in NASCAR’s Daytona Beach headquarters. Last spring France underwent a sudden—but successful—prostate operation. In an attempt to stifle rumors that he was seriously ill (and thus keep the lords and vassals calm throughout the vast, sometimes restless NASCAR empire),

an official press release was produced, describing the exact reason for France’s hospitalization. Hearing about the release, France was furious. His first move upon returning to work was to summon his senior staff members and to berate them for what he considered a major indiscretion. Supposedly France said, “Damn it, you don’t write press releases about a man’s private parts. That was the dumbest thing NASCAR has done in its history!”

To which his son Bill, now 44 years old and not as much his father’s puppet as some would believe, snapped back, “Wrong. The dumbest thing NASCAR ever did was to endorse Gerald Ford over Jimmy Carter the day before the elec-

tion.” A rock-hard conservative, France Sr. was George Wallace’s Florida presidential campaign chairman in 1972 and co-chairman in 1976.

Whether the endorsement was dumb or not, what is remarkable is that NASCAR made an endorsement. The NFL doesn’t line up behind presidential candidates, but nowhere in the nation does the NFL have the dedicated constituency that NASCAR has in the Southeast. And that is solely France’s doing.

Bill France had drifted south in the Depression-racked autumn of 1934, leav-

ing a cache of extra money, patched together a crude, open-wheel, single-seat racing car with a modified Model T engine and canvas bodywork and competed in a series of dirt-track races in the Virginia-Maryland area. He learned two hard lessons from this experience: (1) that the promoters were, for the most part, con artists and hustlers who profited by bilking the drivers and paying customers, and (2) that the successful drivers were those who raced exotic and expensive Millers and Duesenbergs, cars far beyond the means of aspiring part-time drivers like himself.

Instead of pressing on to Miami, France pulled up at Daytona Beach and took a job as a mechanic in the local Pontiac-Cadillac agency. At that time the town was pulsing with excitement, thanks to the presence of Campbell and his throbbing, 6,000-pound, bullet-shaped *Bluebird*. Since the turn of the century the shimmering, crescent-shaped oceanfront, running from Ormond Beach to Daytona Beach, had been the site of numerous record speed runs.

But the fabled beach was too bumpy and narrow for automobiles capable of 300 mph, and Campbell announced that in 1936 he would transfer his land-speed-record attempts to the more spacious salt flats at Bonneville, Utah. Eager to maintain Daytona’s profitable reputation as a center of automobile sport,

the city fathers announced that Daytona would sponsor a race for stock automobiles in the winter of 1936. The event, to be run on a 3.2-mile circuit formed by parallel straightaways on the beach and adjacent highway A1A and connected by slightly banked sand corners, attracted racing stars such as 1934 Indianapolis winner Wild Bill Cummings. Also in the field was Bill France, who finished fifth in his Ford coupe. The city lost \$22,000 on the promotion and stepped aside to let the local Elks Club run the 1937 race. That, too, was a loser. France and a Daytona restaurant owner and racing enthusiast named Charlie Reese took a crack at organizing two races in early 1938, one in February, the second a month later.

continued



In the early days at Daytona, France did not keep a low profile.

ing his native Washington, D.C. with the intention of settling in Miami to pursue a career as an auto mechanic. “At least in Florida I could work on cars out of the cold and the snow and the rain,” he says, recalling why he had gathered up his wife Anne—a nurse—and his infant, first-born son. France had been preoccupied with fast cars from an early age, much to the bafflement of his bank-teller father. (“I used to sneak the family Model T out to the big, banked board speedway at Laurel, Maryland and try to run some fast laps. My dad never could figure out why his tires were wearing out so quickly.”)

While operating a small service station near the Potomac, France accumu-

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"We charged 50¢ admission and sold 5,000 tickets," recalls France of the first race. "When it was over, we split \$200. We figured we were doing something wrong, so in the March race we charged \$1 admission, and the same number of folks showed up. But we split \$2,200 in profits. That taught me some lessons I never forgot."

France also learned something about the infant sport of stock-car racing. While he was fascinated by its potential for low-cost, equalized racing, where the advantages of big money could be nullified by the use of production-line bits and pieces, he discovered the first thing everybody did was fudge on the rules. "The winner of the February race was a guy named Smokey Purser," France says, "and when he took the checkered flag he just kept on going, straight up the beach toward town. He ran right into Roy Strange's garage, where we caught him changing his cylinder heads. I disqualified him, but I had finished second. There was no way people wouldn't think my knocking the first-place man out so I could win wasn't fishy, so we declared Lloyd Moody, who was third, the winner."

Despite such surprises, France continued promoting stock-car events. By the time World War II broke out—he was the foreman of an engine-installation crew for the duration, working on submarine chasers built at the Daytona Beach Boat Works—he had established the race "on the beach" and had started to promote races at tracks in Georgia and the Carolinas. In some cases, as at Greensboro, N.C., and Orlando, Fla., he legitimately won his own races. "In fact," he muses, "sometimes winning was the difference between making and losing money on the deal."

France plunged back into the racing business almost as soon as the fireworks of V-J day had sputtered out. In October of that year he traveled to Charlotte, N.C., to promote a stock-car race on the old half-mile clay oval at the local fairgrounds. "I went to see Wilton Garrison, who was the sports editor of *The Charlotte Observer*, trying to get some publicity for my race," says France. "I told Wilton I was going to stage a

national championship race out at the fairgrounds.

"Who's going to be in this race of yours?" Wilton asked me.

"Why. I've got Buddy Stuman, Skimp Hershby and Roy Hall," I answered, figuring he'd be impressed.

"How can you call it a national championship race with local boys like that running?" Wilton said. "Maybe you could call it a Southern championship, but there's no way it's a national championship race."

Garrison counseled France that he needed to create a series of races, with rules continuity and a point-standing setup, to determine an overall champion. He also suggested that France seek a sanction from the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, then the major motor-sports organization in the country. But when France approached the AAA he was summarily rejected. Such an august body was not interested in associating with a red-neck rabble of jalopy drivers was the implication—a decision that the AAA and its successor, USAC, regret to this day. Undeterred, France set out on his own, creating what he called the National Championship circuit in 1946, then forming NASCAR a year later during a long, smoke-filled session in the lounge of Daytona Beach's Streamline Hotel.

Beginning with a nucleus of about 18 drivers—including Bob and Fonty Flock, his first big stars—France's new NASCAR organization was a tightly held, profit-oriented business, with its creator as the dominant stockholder. Over the years, all remaining shares have come into the hands of France, his wife and two sons, Bill and Jim (the latter a vice-president and secretary of NASCAR). Having outsiders to puzzle over exactly how many millions this gold mine has generated, France's organization featured a championship point standing, complete with a fund that placed 7½% of each race purse in an escrow account, to be distributed to the leading drivers at season's end. Uniform rules and safety regulations were also established and the drivers were automatically insured. The concept was an immediate success, and memberships, race dates and profits blossomed in 1947-48, when competition was built around pre-

war Ford and Mercury coupes. In 1949 France switched to racing with Detroit's latest sedans. The next year the Grand National circuit was set up, with the late models running on NASCAR tracks, while a network of smaller half-mile and quarter-mile ovals was used for the aging "modified" coupes.

The boom years were upon France. Detroit was in the opening stages of its performance binge, and Hudson, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Ford and Chrysler were fielding cars with open factory backing. The first "super speedway," a weirdly contoured, widely challenging oval, was constructed in a cotton field near Darlington, S.C., while France's own "Speed Weeks" at Daytona Beach was becoming a major event in its own right.

Living out of a suitcase as he led his burgeoning caravan of cars, and driving from track to track in company with Anne, who had become NASCAR's eagle-eyed bookkeeper (and is still the organization's treasurer), France marshaled stock-car racing into legitimacy.

It was hardly easy. France had endless struggles with track owners and promoters to keep them aligned with his organization. And as the prize money grew, so did the cheating. In fact, the first NASCAR late-model race, run in 1949 on a dirt track at Charlotte fairgrounds, caused a dispute that had to be resolved in federal court. Glenn Dunnaway won the race in a Ford but was disqualified when chassis alterations were discovered in a post-race inspection. Dunnaway's car owner sued NASCAR, claiming it had no right to disqualify a car it had accepted for entry. France won his case, and NASCAR's right to enforce its own rules has gone unchallenged ever since.

Speculation arises as to how this man was able to produce a semblance of order out of the anarchy that was southern stock-car racing, especially when he had no money to speak of. Moreover, he was hardly the only one to recognize the commercial potential of the sport and had to vie mightily with other promoters and track owners who also sought to create an umbrella organization like NASCAR. Discounting his bulk—France claims he has never had to engage in physical combat with any of his rivals—he believes that his background as a race driver was his best asset. "Because I was one of

continued

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BILL FRANCE

continued

them. I think they tended to listen to me a little more than they might have an outsider," he says. "I was able to talk to them and make some sense."

"The main thing about France," says H. A. (Humpty) Wheeler, the aggressive general manager of Charlotte Motor Speedway, who often finds himself at odds with NASCAR's dictates, "is that he got involved when this business was as rough and tough a sport as there was outside pro boxing, and he made it something. His consistency paid off. He just kept in there swinging, and the fact that he's not by nature a good compromiser worked to his advantage in the early days. He was tough, with a one-track mind when it counted."

Perhaps the prime example of France's tenacity is the Daytona Speedway, a project that took him nearly 10 years to bring to fruition. "I pointed out to the city of Daytona Beach as early as 1949 that hotel development along the beach was steadily moving south, and one day there would be no room for racing," France recalls. "I suggested they should be looking toward the construction of a permanent speedway." The city responded by creating a racing and recreational authority, which was to sell \$3 million in bonds to finance the construction of a track. But even after leases and options on a large parcel of swampy land near the Daytona Beach airport had been obtained, the sale of the bonds flagged and the project drifted along with little hope of success.

Adding to France's fierce desire to build a radically new type of speedway was an insult that had been leveled at him at hallowed Indianapolis, where the aging bull mooses of the racing establishment still looked upon stock cars as an unspeakably crude mutation of the sport. "In 1953 or 1954 I was invited to the 500 by a friend who was one of the lap-money sponsors at Indianapolis," recalls France. "One day before the race we were in the garage area when a guard came up to me and said, 'Mr. France, I've been asked to pick up your credential.' I asked him who had requested this, and he replied, 'The front office.' The late Tony Hulman, the owner of the Speedway, who later became a good friend of mine, knew nothing of the incident and apologized many times, but I

left Indy determined that we would work like hell to get our own track built."

France's concept for the new speedway was revolutionary. It would be a 2.5-mile "tri-oval," with two steeply banked turns—31 degrees, "as steep as they could lay asphalt"—and a third dogleg bend at the start-finish line directly in front of the main grandstand. "I wanted our stock cars to be as fast as the Indianapolis cars, and with the high banking that seemed possible," France says. He also insisted that engineer Charles H. Moneyenny design the turns as flat planes, rather than as the bowl shapes common to European banked tracks like Monza and Brooklands. This would permit cars to run in more than one groove and make passing in the turns as easy as on the straightaway.

Putting together a meager \$1.9 million budget (with the help of friends such as bandleader Paul Whiteman, Pepsi-Cola president Donald Kendall, and General Motors' auto designer, the late Harley Earl, who sanctioned the use of the corporate computers to aid in the design of the track's curve contours), France was finally able to begin construction of his dream speedway in January 1958. The first races were run a year later. One of those events featured Indy cars and proved to be disastrous. Two drivers were killed and that type of car has never again raced at Daytona. On Feb. 22, 1959, the first Daytona 500-mile race was run, and Lee Petty, Richard's father, won in an Oldsmobile, beating out Johnny Beauchamp in what first appeared to be a dead heat. "It took us three days to confirm the winner," recalls France. "We had to send films and photographs to New York for development before we could see that Petty had crossed the line a few inches in front."

The rise of Daytona International Speedway triggered the building of "super-speedways" at Atlanta and Charlotte. The Charlotte project was particularly difficult for France. Undertaken by his old racing pal Curtis Turner, the elaborate track was underfinanced and badly organized from the start. Turner sought to cover the growing debts with a loan from the Teamsters, which reportedly

was trying to organize the Grand National drivers. France reacted fiercely to the threat. He suspended Turner and fellow-driver Tim Flock from NASCAR for four years and shattered the Teamsters' effort to penetrate NASCAR.

Despite the loss of the immensely popular Turner, crowds were building everywhere in order to see men like Glenn (Furball) Roberts, Junior Johnson and Marvin Panch wheeling side-by-side through the corners in thundering convoys of specially built Pontiacs and Chevrolets.

Sensing a rising national preoccupation with speed and performance, in 1963 Ford and Chrysler announced full participation in organized automobile racing. However, General Motors laid down strict rules against its divisions participating in any type of racing. This was both a blessing and a curse for France. The Ford and Chrysler publicity departments, plus their teams of cars and drivers, attracted even more fans to the sport. But this placed enormous pressures on NASCAR. "If I had three manufacturers in racing, I would always have had a potential majority," observes France. "But with just two, it was always a standoff."

"The cars were the company football teams," says one longtime NASCAR observer, "and Bill France may be the only man ever to have felt the full corporate onslaught of the largest corporations on earth at the same time."

It is generally accepted that during the mid-1960s Ford Motor Company was spending an estimated \$20-\$25 million annually on all phases of motor sport—with perhaps 30%-40% of that going into NASCAR. Chrysler's budget was about \$6-\$7 million. At the same time Firestone and Goodyear were butting heads in a multi-million-dollar speedway tire war. Between 1963-1968 the most conservative estimates indicate that these four industrial powers spent \$200 million on automobile racing, and much of it was directed toward dominating France and the Grand National circuit.

No dice, France refused to be cowed. For example, Chrysler, countering a string of Ford victories in 1963, introduced the 426-cu.-in. Hemi engine in 1964 and won nearly everything in sight. France altered the rules in 1965 to equalize the competition, and Chrysler angrily

continued

BILL FRANCE

continued



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dropped out of NASCAR racing for a while. A year later Ford quit in a dispute over the restrictions France placed on its overhead camshaft engine, which had been designed to counteract the Hemi. On and on it went, with the Detroit giants leveraging France's constantly changing rules for an advantage. Tempers rose and fell, recriminations were leveled publicly and privately and the only constant in NASCAR, aside from the acrimony, was the steadily rising speeds.

"We did not know that manufacturers would go to the extent they would to win," says France. "We've still got a bunch of their stuff stored out in a barn at the Daytona Speedway—aluminum hoods, bumpers, acid-dipped body panels—all of which was found by our inspectors to be illegal."

The lunacy climaxed in 1969 during what was the most difficult period in France's life. Both Ford and Chrysler had developed special aerodynamic racing sedans—outlandish-looking machines like Ford Talladegas, Dodge Daytonas and Plymouth Superbirds that bore about as much resemblance to conventional passenger automobiles as an SST does to a Beechcraft Bonanza.

The top drivers were operating on the ragged edge as the lap speeds surpassed 190 mph at Daytona and were under oppressive factory pressure to win. (It is said that before the 1970 Daytona 500, several of the Ford drivers were confidentially told that he was supposed to win the race.) A number of drivers publicly stated that the prospect of going faster had them spooked. But more speed appeared a certainty as a September race to open France's Talladega Speedway approached. With a length of 2.66 miles and banking two degrees steeper than at Daytona, the new track seemed sure to produce tire-frying, eye-bulging velocities well beyond 200 mph, and not even the bravest Grand National drivers were attracted to the prospect.

"It's a coincidence that at exactly the time the drivers were scared of going faster, France opened the biggest, fastest speedway in the world," says one NASCAR veteran. As the mid-September race date approached, the tension around France mounted to intolerable levels. Both the Ford and Chrysler cars were running faster than ever (almost all pre-

sent NASCAR race records date back to 1969), and with the great investment they had made in special bodies and engines, the factories were not about to agree to a slowdown. Meanwhile the drivers had aligned themselves with a small organization known as the Professional Drivers Association that had been formed in August, with the modest goal of getting showers and lockers installed at the tracks and assisting the drivers in such things as the sale of personally endorsed souvenirs. But suddenly the PDA became the racers' spokesman in an anti-Talladega campaign and, based on universal concerns over safety it announced that its members would boycott the upcoming race. With Richard Petty as president of the PDA and a vast majority of the top drivers as members, France was facing a considerable threat to his power base, but he announced that the race would go off as scheduled.

Faced with declining ticket sales, angry Alabama land developers and a loss of prestige for NASCAR if his drivers won the showdown, France demonstrated his legendary toughness. He put together a field composed of unknowns and the late Bobby Isaac, the only Grand National star who chose to enter. (In gratitude, France presented Isaac with a gold Rolex watch inscribed, "Winners never quit, quitters never win.") To demonstrate his faith in the track, France borrowed a Ford stock car from the Holman-Moody team and curbscrewed his big frame behind the wheel. Before batteries of photographers, he took the car out for a test drive, hitting speeds up to 176 mph, and pronounced the speedway a paragon of efficient design. Critics noted that he was running 20 mph below racing pace, but his point had been made. If a 60-year-old man dared drive Talladega at 176 mph, surely the top drivers in the business could safely go faster.

The race was won by a driver named Richard Brickhouse, who was quickly forgotten. His role in NASCAR was simple: he was the pawn that checkmated the PDA and, in a broader sense, the power of the Detroit manufacturers. By managing to put on a race before a modest but enthusiastic crowd, France had maintained control of his organization and had proved that he and his network of speedways were the critical element

continued

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in successful racing, as opposed to the transient stardom of a few drivers or the presence of ultrafast racing cars.

The power of the PDA was crushed and the big names were back in the fold as the 1970 season opened. France also clamped down on Detroit, driving the super-cars off his speedways with an ingenious device called a restrictor plate. By forcing the faster machines to install on the carburetors small plates that reduced power by reducing fuel flow to the engines, he was able to lower their speeds and equalize competition. Frustrated by the plates—and forced to spend increasing amounts of time and money for government-mandated emission-control and safety research—the Detroit car makers began to drift away from direct sponsorship of Grand National cars.

"That is the secret of France's power," says Humpy Wheeler. "By controlling the garage area, i.e., the rules under which the cars run and how he enforces those rules, he can exert tremendous influence over who wins and who loses. You can't slow down Houston McTeer in the 100-yard dash, but it's easy to do so with Richard Petty in a 500-mile race by controlling the specifications of his car." In defense of his rules policies, France says, "I think over the years we've treated 'em all the same."

"France looked at racing differently than we did," says a Chrysler spokesman. "We wanted to get the extra advantage that would let us win. So did Ford. But Bill wanted everything to be even, which gave us two guarantees. One, we knew he'd never let our cars get too slow. But, two, we also knew he'd never let them get too fast. Essentially we viewed stock-car racing as a sport. He views it as entertainment."

An interesting point is Grand National stock-car racing, as created by France, a sport or an entertainment? By constantly juggling the rules to maintain equality, is he stifling creativity for the sake of artificially stimulated equality? Moreover, does NASCAR, as has been perennially charged, choreograph races through the use of yellow caution flags that allow the field to close up? On countless occasions a leader, who seemed to be outdistancing the field, has been slowed by a flapping yellow flag displayed for seemingly no reason. The standard NASCAR expla-

nation has been a slowdown for "debris on the track," but critics have called this hogwash. "Yellow flags have made NASCAR racing," says a prominent Southern race promoter, who declines to use his name for obvious reasons.

Veterans recall the 1963 500 at Darlington as a singular example of what a Grand National race can be like when no tampering is involved. It was one of the most boring sporting events in history. The speculation is that a dispute with Bob Colvin, the manager of Darlington, prompted NASCAR to punish him by letting the race run its course without stimulation of any kind. Not one yellow flag was displayed for the entire 500 miles, and Fireball Roberts won by several sleep-inducing laps. The message was clear: without auspicious appearances of "debris on the track," a Grand National stock-car race could be rotten show business—which hurts everybody involved.

Bill France denies all such hanky-panky. "We have never put out a yellow flag unless there was a specific safety reason," he says firmly. His drivers, understandably, are not eager to be quoted on yellow flags, but many express amusement at France's comment. "Bull!" says one star. "In the old days, if you were fixin' to lap the second-place car you knew a caution was comin' out. No way they'd let you get that far out front."

"It really made you sore to work real hard to get a lead and then lose it to a caution flag," says another veteran. "But it's better today."

All the NASCAR drivers agree that the situation has vastly improved in recent years. Part of this may be because of the penetration of NASCAR's in-track radio network. It took weeks of scanning the public-service band to find NASCAR's frequency, but eventually it was discovered (in the 154-mc range), and soon everyone was listening in to learn when the next yellow flag would be appearing.

The issue of the yellow flags, the complaints about favoritism in the NASCAR garages and the arm-twisting of small-track owners and promoters notwithstanding, there is no debating the fact that William Henry Getty France has ac-

ed as a high-speed Messiah, leading hordes of country-boy racers to wealth and fame. A substantial amount of the complaining comes from the beneficiaries of France's policies standing in the middle of their half-million-dollar racing shops, or from the controls of their Aero Commanders as they roar toward the next NASCAR race.

Throughout the turmoil and pressure of France's career there has never been a trace of the scatter-shot approach so common to independent, broad-gauge entrepreneurs. Even now, as he cuts back his workload, France eases through the days in the same deliberate fashion that has characterized his life in racing. In Daytona, his mornings are generally spent at his desk in phone conversations, while the afternoons are reserved for outings on *Little Kaye*. More and more travel interrupts his routine, however, and Concorde flights to Europe or extended journeys to the Middle East are becoming increasingly common.

France is not a jockey or a tennis addict, and his only hat tip to fashion, against the background of a low-key, store-bought wardrobe, is the weighty presence of the Godfather of all gold Rolex on his left wrist. Most of France's office hours nowadays are taken up not with racing—Bill Jr. is handling that on a workday basis—but with trying to resolve a persistent dispute with Daytona's city fathers who want to take away the speedway's exempt status on the real estate tax rolls. "One thing about France," says a rival promoter, "is that to him a deal is a deal. He never goes back on his word." In this regard France believes any change in the track's tax status would be a reversal of a longtime agreement and unacceptable. "I will close the Daytona track and move the entire operation to Talladega before I will accept a change in our local tax arrangement," he says.

Anyone who thinks Bill France is bluffing is ignorant of how rigid the man can be and how he manhandled a bisterous backwoods pasture into a multi-million-dollar business. "I'm not really too worried, even if it all comes apart tomorrow," says France, sprawling his immense frame across a couch in the main cabin of the *Little Kaye*. After all, I can always go back to pumping gas." That would be his way. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 12-18

PRO BASKETBALL—The NBA, meeting in Colorado City, agreed to add a third referee to its officiating crew this season and instituted a rule to curb the excessive use of hand-checking. The league also will experiment with the three-point basket—used in the non-defunct ABA—during the exhibition season.

BOXING—MATE PARLOV of Yugoslavia retained his W.B. world light-heavyweight title with a 15-round split decision over John Conteh of Great Britain in Belgium.

GOLF—ANDY NORTH made a four-foot putt on the 72nd hole for a freshman 74 and a 353 total to win the U.S. Open by a stroke over Dave Stockton and J. C. Snead (tied 14).

Rallying from five strokes back in the first round at Barchin, NANCY LOPEZ won her 10th consecutive tournament, a first unseeded in the LPGA's 28-year history. Finishing a two-stroke par 69 for a 214, Lopez beat Jane Blalock by two strokes and became the all-time money winner in professional golf. She now has earned \$153,356, \$233.10 more than Amy Frie won on the money list in 1976.

HOCKEY—At the NHL meetings in Montreal, the Cleveland Barons and the Minnesota North Stars merged their squads and became the "new" Minnesota North Stars. A several daylong draft was held with Minnesota allowed to protect 10 skaters and two goalies from the combined 40-player roster. The North Stars also had first pick in the league's amateur draft and, as expected, chose Center Bob Smith, who scored 192 points for the Ottawa 67's of the Ontario Hockey Association. However, Philadelphia may have made the key selection. The Flyers drafted Center Kerry Levesque, 26, who signed with Birmingham of the WHA last week and scored 38 goals and had 38 assists for the Bulls last season.

HORSE RACING—SPECIAL HONOR (\$201,201, million by Bobby Beers) beat Baltimore by half a length to win the \$150,000 Ohio Derby at Timonium in Cleveland. The 7-year-old colt won the 1 1/8 miles in the race and time of 1:47.75. Special Honor was the first filly foal to win the Kentucky Derby.

NOTOR SPORTS—In the Grand Prix of Sweden, NIKKI LAUDA averaged 104.14 mph on the 2.49-mile Avondor circuit to win his first Formula 1 race this year.

BOXING—It was showdown time at the World Cup with the host Argentineans playing Brazil in the game Luis American fans had long awaited. Neither side got much

entertainment following a scoreless tie. The Netherlands and West Germany also tied, 2-2, leaving an interim in contention for the title with Argentina, Brazil, West Germany and The Netherlands.

NASCAR—It hasn't been an easy time for coaches around the league. Four of them either were fired or submitted resignations in the last-place teams tied to 14th overall this season. Chevro, which has lost 14 of 16 and seven straight at Sonoma, fired Malcolm Maguire and named Willie Boy to replace him. A week ago Maguire had been given a two-year contract extension. San Jose fired Guido Goetts, Richard Little, watching Philadelphia fall to last place in the Eastern Division, resigned and was replaced by McDuffie Alan Bull. Toronto named former Coach Ken Sampeck to replace Donaghy Kapranovic. On the field, Portland set a league record for consecutive wins with nine, beating New England 2-1 in a shootout. The Comets defeated Minnesota 4-2 before 46,370, the Kicks' largest regular-season crowd ever. San Diego, which had won six straight, lost to Seattle and Memphis.

ASL—While the New York Apollo made a shambles of the Eastern Division, just 16 points separate division-leading Los Angeles second-place California and Southern California in the West. The Skyhawks got a goal from Geoff Davies with 11 minutes left in regulation and struggled to a 1-1 double overtime tie with New Jersey. Andy Chipman scored two goals to increase his league-leading total to eight and Tony Deshaies, the league's third-leading scorer, chipped in with a goal and two assists in the Sunshine State. Cleveland 3-0. Sid Wallace had a hit track for the Leafs in their defeated Sacramento 3-0. It was the first game for the Leafs since they were sold to a group of local investors. In the East, the Apollo defeated the New York Eagles on overtime, 2-2.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Rod Mortimer 6-3, 6-1, 6-2 to win the \$125,000 John Player tournament in Birmingham, England.

WTT—The Boston Lobsters won four of five matches, including two against second-place New York, and opened up a seven-game lead in the Eastern Division. Boston defeated the Apollo 26-16, Tony Roche and Rod Laver beating Ray Ruffin and Vase Germain in the final men's doubles match, 3-6. The next night Martin Narancovich beat JoAnne Russell 6-3 and teamed with Tony McElderry for a 6-3 win over Roscoe and Billie Jean King. San Diego and the Golden Gladiators each won two of their matches as the Friars retained their game and half a lead in the Western Division. Mesa Guerrilla

and Ross Case handed Jack Lomas and Bruce Richards their first mixed doubles loss of the season while San Diego beat New Orleans 12-25. The Friars also knocked off Seattle 31-21.

TRACK & FIELD—VLADIMIR YASHCHENKO of the Soviet Union bested his own world high-jump record by six quarters of an inch with a leap of 7' 8 1/2 inches in Erfurt, Italy.

ULRIKE BRUNS of East Germany set a world record of 2:22.7 in the rarely contested women's 1,000 meters in Erfurt, Italy.

VOLLEYBALL—Tucson continued to dominate the IFA's Continental Division. The Sky's winning streak reached five games, highlighted by a victory over Santa Barbara, the second-place team in the Western Division. Orange County made a five in a row by defeating Denver, but the team remained just one game in front of Santa Barbara.

WEIGHT LIFTING—Heavyweight SERGEI ARKELOV of the Soviet Union set a world record of 391.1 pounds on the snatch at the European championships at Riazan. Czechoslovakia's Light Heavyweight YURIK VARDANYAN, also of the Soviet Union, established a world mark of 375.1 pounds in the snatch. The U.S.R.'s DAVID KIGER set world records of 297.9 pounds in the middle heavy-weight snatch and 468.3 pounds in the clean and jerk.

MILPEPES—REIGNED FLOYD GASS, 31, athletic director at Oklahoma State, using "outside pressures." The NCAA and the Big Eight Conference will conduct investigations into Oklahoma's irregularities at the school, which already is on NCAA probation for recruiting violations.

SIGNED—Free Agent RICK BARRY, 34, who played the last six seasons with the Golden State Warriors, to a two-year contract by the Houston Rockets.

SIGNED—WAYNE GRETZKY, 17, to a personal services contract worth a reported \$1.75 million, by NHL's St. Louis, owner of the WHA Indianapolis Racers. Gretzky, a center, scored 182 points last season in the Ontario Major Junior Hockey League.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

SIZING UP THE BIG E

Sir:

Elvin Hayes has attracted more criticism for his play in crucial games than any athlete needs to take. Curry Kirkpatrick joined in by calling the Big E a choke (*Whatever Happens, It'll Be Washington*, June 5, and *Down to One Last Collision*, June 12). Hayes is now a world champion. Need more be said?

MARK CHICHEN
Garrett Park, Md.

Sir:

Contrary to what Curry Kirkpatrick believes, Elvin Hayes had an excellent series against Seattle. He led the Bullets in scoring (145 points), rebounding (83) and blocked shots (14) and was second in steals (11).

PETER A. LEIDEL
BADIER RADIHAKRISNAN
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I found some of Elvin Hayes' and Bobby Dandridge's comments about teammate Wes Unseld unfortunate and ironic. Being a perennial Boston Celtic fan, I cannot recall Dave Cowens, John Havlicek or any of the other Celtics ever criticizing Paul Silas' lack of offensive ability while he was helping them win a couple of NBA championships. I guess that Hayes and Dandridge just don't appreciate Unseld's all-round team play as much as they should. After all, it was Unseld who won the MVP award for the championship series!

BILL KETNEY
Greensburg, Pa.

Sir:

I must disagree with Curry Kirkpatrick's comment that the Bullets and SuperSonics were "rather mediocre, rather monotonous adversaries." The championship series was one of the most hard-fought and exciting I have ever seen. Intensity, tough defense, big baskets and unexpected heroes filled each game. I got as much of a thrill watching Wes Unseld snatch a rebound and fire an outlet pass as I do watching Dr. J dunk or Doug Collins shoot 20-footers.

MARTIN FAYRET
Silver Spring, Md.

Sir:

Monny Millan caught the NBA finals with his photograph on pages 24-25 of your June 12 issue. Until the final minute of the final game, the series was definitely up for grabs.

MARIO MARTINEZ
Phoenix

WHOSE CROWN?

Sir:

I want to pose a couple of questions. Would the results of any or all of the Triple Crown

races be different if Steve Cauthen had been aboard Alydar? What would be the result of a match race between Affirmed and Alydar if Cauthen were aboard Alydar? We can't answer the first but the second sounds like a promoter's dream.

SHELBY D. ALCOTT
West Allis, Wis.

THE WBC TITLE

Sir:

What is the world of sport coming to? A look at your June 12 cover reveals Ken Norton wearing the official WBC belt symbolizing the best in boxing. What appears on this trophy? The name Adidas. Does the World Boxing Council have to carry advertising on its championship trophy?

PHILIP B. GIBSON
Greenbelt, Md.

Sir:

I can understand commercialization of race cars or basketballs, but not of the belt that symbolizes the world boxing champion. Now that Larry Holmes is the WBC belt recipient, does he become a subsidiary of Adidas?

JOHN H. ZIMMERMAN
San Marino, Calif.

Sir:

Your cover picture of Ken Norton wearing the WBC championship belt was an insult to boxing fans, but not of the belt that symbolizes the world boxing champion. I like Norton and would like to see him champion. I feel very strongly, however, that a boxing title should be won in the ring, not awarded by a boxing organization.

LOL HILL
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Sir:

I was delighted to see that ridiculous "Norton is champion" bandwagon pulled out from under you after you climbed on. Norton is now consigned to the category of a future trivia question: What heavyweight "champion" lost all three of the championship fights in which he was involved?

JOHN KELLY KARASEK
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

I saw the Norton-Holmes fight on ABC-TV, and I think Ken Norton served as a perfect example of a true sportsman. In spite of all the prefight verbal warfare between the two and with the decision going to his opponent, Norton worked his way through the mob to offer his hand to Holmes. Also in a postfight interview he made no excuses, but, rather, said, "More power to Larry." Ken Norton for Sportsman of the Year.

TIM TAFOWA
Denver

DARN GOOD COMBO

Sir:

The real and imaginary baseball batteries offered in SCORECARD (May 22) and 19TH HOLE (June 12) reminded me of the Capital University (Columbus, Ohio) baseball team of the early '20s. Our dad claimed that three of his classmates ('22) formed the double-play combination. I don't recall who played which position, but their names were: P. Julius Sinner, Herman Damm and Rudolph Helle.

You may consider this combination of names some kind of hoax, but I can attest to the academic prowess of the three men. They all graduated in 1925 from Capital's Lutheran Theological Seminary.

JAMES E. SEIM

Golden Valley, Minn.

According to the Reverend Mr. Sinner, the double-play combination was imaginary and first appeared in the joke column of *The Speculator*, a Capital University student publication. As Sinner recalls, he was the only baseball player—first baseman on his class team—while Damm and Helle played football (left end and center on their senior class team). Sinner's varsity sport was tennis.—ED

KENYA'S BIG GAME

Sir:

In the otherwise perceptive first part of Robert F. Jones' article *The Game Goes On* (May 22 and 29) there is a misleading omission. While the Masai Mara Reserve, the "pearl of Kenya's tourist circuit," undoubtedly does get special protection among Kenyan game areas, much of its game is protected most of the year by neighboring Tanzania. These animals are part of the well-known migratory herds of the Serengeti Plains, and visit the Masai during the dry season. For most of the year Tanzania, with a trickle of tourist income compared to Kenya's but a far more effective game conservation program, harbors these herds. Those concerned with the widely reported "end of the game" in Kenya should consider the case of Tanzania, where, in the Serengeti and elsewhere, wild animal populations have been stable or increasing over the last 10 years.

PETER WATERS

Serengeti Research Institute
Serone, Tanzania

Sir:

The article *The Game Goes On* is a superior piece of artistry, and I shall share it with others who may have missed it and who would appreciate such composition.

Robert F. Jones writes with wisdom, yet he leaves his reader encouraged about the per-

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

severance of God's animal creations. Aside from Hemingway, whose writing obviously was quite different, I know of no other contemporary writer, who is also a hunter, who creates such beauty with words. I felt almost as if I were making the African journey with Jones, sharing his warm appreciation of the beauty of nature.

RICHARD O. ARNSEN
San Antonio

Sir

It is indeed a pleasure for those of us deeply concerned about the future of big-game hunting, not only in Africa but also throughout the world, to see it written as it really is. We compliment you on your editorial courage in an era of unflinching emotionalism.

H. NORDEN VAN HORN
President-Elect
Safari Club International
Englewood, Colo

PEDAL PUSHERS

Sir

The report on the Human-Powered Speed Championships (*All Power to the People—or, in This Case, from Them*, May 22) gave an excellent portrayal of the excitement of an unusual event that each year shows man moving faster under his own power.

However, the report omitted mention of new race events that were perhaps more significant and equally exciting. These were the long-distance races: a one-hour race one day, and a 30-km. race with a Le Mans start the next. Both races featured speeds of about 30 mph, with maneuvering around turns in strong, gusty winds. They introduced thinking about practical pedaled vehicles that in time might alter some transportation trends in the U.S. The winning vehicles were not ones that were tops in the 200-meter dash, but instead were the medium-fast machines that combined some rider comfort with the ability to cope with tricky crosswinds. Their road stability was just borderline. Bryan Allen, in the Bill Watson Streamliner, won the one-hour race by covering 29.4 miles, but in the 30-km. race, while comfortably in the lead, he flipped in the wind one kilometer from the finish and came in second to Kurt Miller in Sandra Martin's Bike World Special. The long-distance races will be emphasized more next year.

Incidentally, this is the same Bryan Allen who flew my man-powered airplane, the Gossamer Condor, to the Kremer Prize last August (On Growmer Wings, Aug. 1).

PAUL B. MACCREADY
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Pasadena

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